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FLOSCULI GRAECI BOREALES.

ABERDONIAE
EXCUDEBANT TYPOGRAPHI ACADEMICI
ARTHUR KING ET SOCII.

FLOSCULI GRAECI BOREALES,

SIVE

ANTHOLOGIA GRAECA ABERDONENSIS.

CONTEXUIT
GULIELMUS D. GEDDES.

APUD MACMILLAN ET SOCIOS
LONDINI.
MDCCCLXXXII.

LECTORI BENEVOLO

S. D. P.

En tibi, Benigne Lector, hosce flosculos Græcos pæne sub Arctoi sidere natos poli, Anthologiam denique primam Scotia oriundam, quæ quidem omnino Græcis carminibus contexta provenerit.

Quod vero tam periculosæ plenum opus aleæ aggredi haud pertimui (nec dubito quin plerique hæc studia parvi æstimaturi sint quasi elegantem quandam insaniam), id ego potissimum agere ausus sum, ut quid in hac re Scotia posset experirer, et patriæ meæ titulos doctrinæ illius politissimæ, qua Anglorum Aca-

demiæ, inde a Porsoni viri illustrissimi temporibus, unicæ pollere existimantur, Græcæ scilicet poeseos, aliqua ex parte meo ipsius meorumque commilitonum Marte vindicarem.

Quæ carmina, etsi non omnia omnino ad amussim normæ Dædaleæ expolita, si spiritum quantulumcunque edent Graiæ Camenæ (nec me fallit quam longo intervallo hæc et pleraque, ne dicam omnia, hodiernæ monetæ etiam felicissima, distent ab illis sine labe monumentis), documento sane erunt, Græcis Litteris domicilium in Scotia haud denegatum esse, neque spem abjiciendam, fore ut ævo feliciori hic reviviscant non Litteræ Humaniores tantummodo, sed etiam illæ Humanissimæ, quæ quidem una doctorum voce Græcæ perhibentur. Neque enim dubitare fas est, nisi frigidior multo circum præcordia steterit sanguis, quod in

præfervido ingenio Scotorum minime metuendum est, quin si Buchananus et Arturus Jonstonus palmam Latinæ poeseos, suo uterque sæculo, principes tulerint, locus satis honestus in curriculo Olympico adhuc restet Epigonis occupandus.

At nos, Scoti hodierni, tantorum luminum tardi sectatores, videmur, neglectis Græcis Litteris, Latinas quoque mancas ac dimidiatas reliquisse, adeo ut multis iisque emunctæ naris hominibus ipsæ Latinæ Litteræ vilescant. Nec immerito: haud enim poterunt florere Latinæ Litteræ, nisi ibidem simul fovebitur fax illa sempiterna, quæ, Athenis accensa, Latium ipsum atque Europam totumque orbem terrarum irradiavit. Vale.

Scribebam Aberdoniæ Kal: Maiis,
A.S., MDCCCLXXXII.

ELENCHUS CARMINUM.

PARS PRIMA.

PARS SECUNDA.

(Metro Senario Tragico.)

PARS TERTIA.

(Versu Vario, Imprimis Comicorum Senario.)

INDEX SCRIPTORUM.

SIGLA ADULESCENTIUM QUI FLORES AD HANC COROLLAM CONTULERUNT.

N.B.—Horum unus quisque nondum annum ætatis primum et vigesimum confecerat, quo tempore hosce versiculos pangebat.

Reliqua poemata, quæ siglo G. notantur, Editori attribuenda.

FLOSCULI GRÆCI BOREALES.

ἀλλ' ὅμως—κρέσσων γὰρ οἰκτιρμοῦ φθόνος—
μὴ παρίει καλά.

"But nevertheless—as it is better to be envied than to be pitied—never let droop the flag of Honour."—*Pindar.*

I.

SCOTS WHA HAE.

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled !
Scots wham Bruce has aften led !
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory.

Now's the day and now's the hour,
See the front o' battle lour—
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery.

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
Wha sae base as be a slave ?
Let him turn and flee !

I.

ΒΡΟΥΣΣΟΥ ΠΑΡΑΓΓΕΛΜΑ.[1]

Σκῶτε, τρωθεὶς πρὶν πρὸ Γάλλα,
Σκῶτε, Βρούσσῳ δὴν ὀπαδῶν,
δεῦρ᾽ ἐς εὐνὰν αἱματηρόν,
ἢ κράτος νικαφόρον.

Νῦν γὰρ ἆμαρ, νῦν τε καιρός·
λεῦσσ᾽ ὅπως Ἄρης κυδοιμεῖ·
λεῦσσε, τῆδ᾽ ἶλαι τυράννου,
δεσμὸς ἠδὲ πημονά.

Τίς ποτ᾽ ἂν τλαίη προδοῦναι,
τίς ταφῆς δειλοῦ κυρῆσαι;
τίς δὲ δουλεύων ἀνάσχοιτ᾽;
ἄψ ἴτω παλίντροπος.

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand or freeman fa' ?
Let him on wi' me !

By Oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free.

Lay the proud usurpers low !
Tyrants fall in every foe !
Liberty 's in every blow !
Let us do or die !

Burns.

Τίς πρὸ πατρίδος νόμων τε
ἑλκύσει ξίφος κραταιόν,
ζῶν θανών τ', ἐλευθέρων εἷς;
εἶα δή, σπεῦδ' ἀμφ' ἐμέ.

Πρὸς Βίας πόνων ἀτλάτων,
πρός τε παίδων αἰχμαλώτων,
αἷμα καρδίας χέωμεν,
τούσδ' ὅμως ἐλευθεροῦν.

Κτεῖνε τοίνυν τοὺς ὑβριστάς·
πᾶς νεκρὸς πίτνει τύραννος·
πᾶσα πλαγὰ φῶς παρέξει·
χρὴ κτανεῖν ἢ τεθνάναι.

G.

II.

A MAN 'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

Is there for honest poverty
  That hangs his head, an' a' that ?
The coward slave—we pass him by,
  We daur be puir for a' that !
For a' that, an' a' that,
  Our toils obscure an' a' that,
The rank is but the guinea-stamp—
  The man 's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine
  Wear hodden grey an' a' that ?
Gie fools their silks an' knaves their wine ;
  A man 's a man for a' that !

II.

ΠΕΝΙΑ ΔΙΚΑΙΑ.[2]

Τίς ἀνὴρ στένων κέκυφε,
πενίας ὕπερ κατηφής;
μαλακός τις, αἰσχρόδουλος,
ὀλέθρῳ δ' ἐῶμεν ἔρρειν.
μογερῶς γὰρ εἰ βιοῦμεν,
κεἰ δυσπονὴς ὁ δαίμων,
τάδε πάνθ' ὅμως φέρωμεν,
κραδίην δὲ καρτυνοῦμεν
τάδ' ὅμως γε μὴν ἐνεγκεῖν.

Τί γάρ; τὰ φαῦλ' ἔδοντες,
τρίβωνι σὺν ταπεινῷ,
εὔψυχα καρτερῶμεν.
δότε Περσικὰς φλυάροις,
δότε δ' οἶνον αἰσχροποιοῖς.

For a' that, an' a' that,
  Their tinsel show an' a' that ;
The honest man, though ne'er sae puir,
  Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord
  Wha struts an' stares an' a' that ;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
  He 's but a coof for a' that !
For a' that, an' a' that,
  His ribbon, star, an' a' that,
The man o' independent mind,
  He looks an' laughs at a' that.

A king can mak a belted knicht,
  A marquis, duke, an' a' that,
But an honest man 's aboon his micht,
  Guid faith, he mauna fa' that !
For a' that, an' a' that,
  Their dignities an' a' that,
The pith o' sense, the pride o' worth
  Are higher ranks than a' that.

τάδε πάντα γὰρ μάταια,
βραχὺ φαῦλον ἀγλάισμα·
ὁ δίκαιος ἐν πένησιν
ἀνδρῶν ἄναξ ἀληθῶς.

Ἴδε τἀνδρίον τὸ κομψόν,
ὃν μυρίοι σέβονται·
ὅπως ἀλεκτορίσκος,
βρενθύεται κεχηνώς,
ὅμως δὲ κοῦφος ἄλλως.
τάδε πάντα γὰρ μάταια,
στέφανοι χλιδή τε γαύρη,
ὁ δ' ἀνὴρ γελῶν τοιαῦτα
πατεῖ πρόπαντα θυμῷ.

Βασιλεὺς μὲν ἂν ποιῆσαι
σατράπην, ἀγόν, τοιαῦτα·
τὸν δ' ἄνδρα τὸν δίκαιον—
μετέωρος ὡς ἐπήρθη—
μὰ Δί' οὐ ποιεῖν δύναιτ' ἄν.
τάδε πάντα γὰρ μάταια,
τῦφός τε σεμνότης τε,
τὸ νομίσματος χάραγμα,[3]
ἀνὴρ δὲ χρυσὸς αὐτός.

Then let us pray that come it may,
  As come it will for a' that,
That sense an' worth o'er a' the earth
  May bear the gree, an' a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
  It 's comin' yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
  Shall brithers be for a' that!

Burns.

Εὐχώμεθ᾽ οὖν τάχ᾽ ἥκειν,
καὶ γὰρ σαφέσταθ᾽ ἥξει,
χρόνον τὸν εὐπόθητον,
ὅτε πανταχοῦ τὸ κῦδος
σοφίη δίκη τ᾽ ἀρεῖται.
ἀπόλοιτο δ᾽ αὐτόπρεμνα
ἔρις φθόνος σκότος τε,
ὅμως δὲ πανταχοῦ γῆς
ἄνθρωπον ὡς ἀδελφόν
ἄνθρωπος ἀσπάσαιτο.

G.

III.

ΕΠΙΚΗΔΕΙΟΝ.

IN MEMORIAM VIRI DOCTISSIMI FRANCISCI ADAMS.*

Νύμφαι εὐπλόκαμοι τοῦδ' ἄγκεος ἠδὲ ῥέεθρα,
ὕμμες δ' ὄρνιθές τε καὶ ἄλσεα νῦν γοάοισθε,
οὕνεκα Φραγκίσκον τὸν ἀοίδιμον ἥρπασε Μοῖρα,
οὐδέ τι ἄλκαρ ἔην Ἀσκλήπιος οὐδ' ἄρα Μοῖσαι,
ἃς πέρι κῆρι φιλεῖτο· τὸ δὲ κλέος οὔποτ ὀλεῖται.

* Vir fuit hic valde memorabilis, qui in valle Devæ reducta per multos annos Litteris et Medicinæ operam navavit strenuam, quod cernere licet ex operibus eruditis, quorum nomina satis innotescunt, ut "Hippocratis Opera," "Aretæi Opera," "Arundines Devæ," &c., &c. Ei in honorem monu-

mentum amici ponendum curarunt in hortulo illo Banchoriæ, ubi tamdiu studio Naturæ Litterarumque incubuerat. Qualis vir fuerit, ex Inscriptione Monumenti licet perspicere, quæ viginti abhinc annis a me composita, etiam nunc in tanto viro haud nimium sonare videtur sed non nisi justas attingere laudes.

IN MEMORIAM
FRANCISCI ADAMS, M.D., LL.D.,
Medicorum omnium quotquot Scotia tulit
Litterarum thesauris necnon Scientiæ opibus
Eruditissimi.
Diu in hac valle reducta
Ab aula et Academia procul
Medicinæ Simul et Musis
Vir vere Apollinaris
Fideliter inservIIt.
Natus Lumphanan III. Id. Mart. MDCCXCVI.
Mortuus Banchoriæ IV. Kal. Mart. MDCCCLXI.
Carissimi capitis desiderio
Amici posuere.

G.

IV.

ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑ.

SIVE INSCRIPTIO

In Exemplari Homeri Foulesii Glasguensis in Honorem viri Illustrissimi Professoris Blackie.

*** Hunc librum, preli Scotici insigne ornamentum, donaverāt Joannes Forbes White (Λεῦκος), Professori Blackie (Μελανίσκῳ) Aberdoniâ Edinam abiturienti, anno MDCCCLII.

Ὦ ξεῖν', εἰ σὺ φιλεῖς τὴν Ἑλλάδα, δεῦρ' ἴθι γηθῶν,
Θεῖος Ὅμηρος ὅδ' ἐστὶν ὅου κλέος οὔποτ' ὀλεῖται·
Εἰ δὲ Καληδόνιος κρατερόφρων εὔχεαι εἶναι,
Χαῖρ' ἐν χερσὶν ἔχων μέγα κῦδος πατρίδος αἴης,
Τέχνης θαῦμα τυπογραφικῆς· οἶξον καὶ ἄθρησον,
Ὡς δι' ἐμοῦ κέχυται χάρις ἀμβροσίη ἐρατεινή

Ἀθανάτοις ἐπέεσσι τὰ δὴ Μοῦσαι φιλέουσιν.
Εἰ δ' αὖ ξεῖν' ἔρεαι πῶς καὶ πόθεν εἰλήλουθας;
Γλώτης * ἀμφὶ ῥοὰς ἐσέδυν φάος ἠελίοιο
Ἑσπερόθεν, καὶ πολλὰ περιπλομένων ἐνιαυτῶν
Πλάγχθην, πρίν γ' ὅτε μεῦ κατὰ μοῖραν Λεῦκος
ἔκυρσεν.
Λεῦκος μὲν πρόπαλαι πρίατο κτεάτεσσιν ἑοῖσιν,
Αὐτὰρ ὅγ' εὐφρονέων με δεδώρηται Μελανίσκῳ,
Ἐν μεγάροισι μένειν φιλίας κειμήλιον ἀεί,
Μοῦσαι ἐπεὶ φιλέουσαι ἀνηρείψαντό μιν αὐτόν
Ἐκ δαπέδων Βορέαο πρὸς ἕδρας ἄλλοθι καλὰς
Τηλοῦ Ἀβερδονίηθεν, ὅθι βασίλεια † πολήων
Ὑψίθρονός τε περίσκεπτός τε πέτραισι θαάσσει,
Τῇπερ ῥηιτέρη βιοτὴ πέλει ἀνδρὶ ἀοιδῷ.
Τοίγαρ ἑταῖρος ὁδοῦ νῦν πομπεύω Μελανίσκον.

* Γλώτη, hodie "Clyde".
† "Stately Edinborough throned on crags."

G.

V.

CORONACH.

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The fount reappearing,
From the rain drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.

V.

ΘΡΗΝΟΣ.

Ἀφανὴς κεῖνος ἀπ' οὔρους,
ἀπολωλὼς δ' ἀπὸ βήσσης,
ἅτε νᾶμ' ἡλιόβλητον,
χρέος ἁμῖν ὅτε πλεῖστον.
διὰ δ' ὄμβρων πάλιν ὄψει
νέον ὕδωρ ἀναβλύζειν·
ἀτὰρ ἁμῖν γάνος ἔρρει,
Δόναχος δ' οὐ παλίνορσος.

Ἴδ' ἀμητὴρ ἕλεν ἀγκὰς
στάχυν ὡραῖον ἀγείρων·
ἀτὰρ ἥβης ταχὺν οἶτον
στενάχει πᾶς ὀλολύζων·

The autumn winds rushing,
  Waft the leaves that are serest,
But our flower was in flushing,
  When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
  Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
  How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
  Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
  Thou art gone, and forever!

Scott.

ἰδὲ δ' αὖα πέσε φυλλὰς
φθινοπώρου διὰ πνοιῶν·
ἀτὰρ ἀκμῇ τόδε γ' ἄνθος
μόρος ὠμὸς κατέκερσεν.

Σὺ ποδώκης μὲν ἀν' ἄγκη,
πυκινὸς νοῦν δ' ἐνὶ καιρῷ,
φόνιος χεῖρ' ἐνὶ χάρμαις,
ὕπνον ὡς νήγρετον εὕδεις!
δρόσος ὣς θῆλυς ὄρεσσιν,
κατὰ πόντον θ' ἁλὸς ἄχνη,
κατὰ κρήνην τε πάφλασμα,
προθέλυμνος διόλωλας.

G.

PARS SECUNDA.

METRO SENARIO TRAGICO.

I.

GRISELDA'S PATIENCE.

But at the last to speken she began,
And mekely she to the sergeant praid
(So as he was a worthy gentil man)
That she might kisse hire child or that it deid:
And in her barme this litel child she leid,
With full sad face, and gan the child to blisse,
And lulled it, and after gan it kisse.
And thus she sayd in her benigne vois:
Farewel my child, I shal thee never see,
But sin I have thee marked with the crois,
Of thilke fader yblessed mote thou be,
That for us died upon a crois of tree:
Thy soule, little child, I him betake,
For this night shalt thou dien for my sake.

I.

ΓΡΙΣΕΛΔΑ.

Τέλος μὲν ἥδε τοὔπος ἔρριψεν τόδε,
τὸν πρόσπολον λιταῖσιν ἐξαιτουμένη·
"ὦ τᾶν, σὲ πρὸς θεῶν ἄντομαι, καλὸς γεγώς,
δός ἀσπάσασθαι παῖδα κατθανουμένην."
ἔπειτα δ' ἀγκάλαισι παῖδ' ἀνήρπασε
δακρυρροοῦσα καὶ τέκνου παρηΐδι
αὑτῆς παρειὰν προσβαλοῦσ' ἐκοίμισε.
κᾆτ' αὖ τάδ' ηὔδα τοῖς μελιγλώσσοις λόγοις·
"ὦ χαῖρε τέκνον, ὡς κατοψόμεσθά σε
οὐκ αὖθις ὄσσοις, ἀλλ' ὅμως εὐχαῖς καλῶ
πομπαῖον Ἑρμῆν χθόνιον εὖ σὲ κοιμίσαι,
κἀν τοῖς μελάθροις δωμάτων ἀνηλίων
εὖ σοὶ γένοιτο· σήμερον δ', οὐκ αὔριον,
ἐμοῦ χάριν σὲ κατθανεῖν, ὦ παῖ, χρεών."

I trow that to a norice in this cas
It had ben hard this routhe for to see:
Wel might a moder than han cried alas,
But natheles so sad stedfast was she,
That she endured all adversitee,
And to the sergeant mekely she sayde,
Have here agen your litel yonge mayde.
Goth now (quod she) and doth my lordes hest:
And o thing wold I pray you of your grace,
But if my lord forbade you at the lest,
Burieth this litel body in som place,
That bestes ne no briddes it to-race.
But he no word to that purpos wold say,
But toke the child and went upon his way.

Chaucer—The Clerke's Tale.

οὕτως ἐχόντων τῶνδε δεινὰ καὶ τροφῷ
κεδνῇ γένοιτ' ἂν ἄθλιον θέαμ' ἰδεῖν,
πόσῳ δὲ μᾶλλον μητέρα στένειν ἐχρῆν;
ἀλλ' ἀρτίφρων πέφυκεν ὥστ' ἠνέσχετο
πάσαις πάθαισι καὶ κακοῖς φρουρουμένη·
καλοῦσα δ' οὖν τὸν πρόσπολον τάδ' ἐννέπει·
"ἆρον νεοσσὸν τήνδε τὴν κόρην πάλιν,
νῦν σοὶ δ', ὀπαδέ, χρὴ μέλειν ἐπιστολάς,
ἃς δεσπότης ἐφεῖτο· κεἰ δοίης τέλος
αἰτουμένῃ μοι τοῦτο πρός σε γουνάτων,
ἢν μὴ κελεύσῃ δεσπότης ἄλλως ἐμός,
ἐκεῖ νεκρόν μοι θάψον ἔνθα μήποτε
πρόβλητος ἔσται θηρσὶν οἰωνοῖς θ' ἕλωρ·"[4]
πρὸς ταῦτα δ' οὗτος οὐδέν' ἔρριψεν λόγον·
ἀλλ' ἐν χεροῖν παῖδ' αὐτὸς ἐξέβη φέρων.

P. G.

II.

ÆNEAS.

ACH. The air is pleasant and the soil most fit
For cities and society's supports:
Yet much I marvel that I cannot find
No steps of men imprinted in the earth.
VEN. Ho! young men! saw you as you came
Any of all my sisters wandering here,
Having a quiver girded by her side
And clothèd in a spotted leopard's skin?
ÆN. I neither saw nor heard of any such,
But what may I, fair virgin, call your name,
Whose looks set forth no mortal form to view

II.

ΑΙΝΕΙΑΣ.

Ἀχ. Γλυκὺς μὲν αἰθήρ, καὶ πέδον γαίας τόδε
πόλεσίν τε κἄνδρων ἐστὶ πρόσφορον τροφαῖς,
ἐγὼ δὲ πολλὰ θαυμάσας ἔχω τί δὴ
στίβος βροτείων οὐδαμοῦ ποδῶν πάρα.
Ἀφρ. Ἆρ᾽ οὖν κατείδετ᾽ ἐνθάδ᾽ ἐλθόντες νεοὶ
ἐμῶν κασιγνήτων τιν᾽ ἐν πλάνοις ὁδῶν,
στολῇ φαρέτρας εὐπρεπῶς ἐσταλμένην,
ἠσκημένην τε παρδάλεως στικτῆς δορᾷ ;
Αἰν. Οὐκ εἶδον οὐδ᾽ ἤκουσα τοιαύτης πέρι·
τί δ᾽ ἔστι τοὔνομ᾽ ᾧ σέ γ᾽ ἐννέπειν χρεών,
ὦ παρθέν᾽ ; ὡς οὐ προσφερὲς θνητοῖς δέμας
ἔπρεψεν ἡμῖν ὄμμασιν βλέπειν τὸ σόν·

Nor speech bewrays aught human in thy birth?
Thou art a goddess that delud'st our eyes
And shroud'st thy beauty in this borrowed
shape,
But whether thou the sun's bright sister be,
Or one of chaste Diana's fellow-nymphs,
Live happy in the height of all content,
And lighten our extremes with this one boon,
As to instruct us under what good heaven
We breathe us now, and what this world is
called
On which by tempest's fury we are cast.

C. Marlowe.

οὐδ᾽ ἐν λόγοισιν οὐδὲν ἐμφαίνεις βροτῶν,
μορφὴν δ᾽ ἀμείψασ᾽ ἐκ θεᾶς βροτησίαν
ἥκεις δολώσουσ᾽ ὄμμαθ᾽ ὡς ἐπεικάσαι·
ἀλλ᾽ εἴτε Φοίβου σύγγονόν σε χρὴ καλεῖν,
εἴτ᾽ Ἀρτέμιδος ἁγνῆς τις εἶ συνηλίκων,
εὐδαιμονοίης πανταχῆ καλῇ τύχῃ.
αἰτουμένῳ δὲ φαῦλον εἰ δοίης χάριν,
δίδαξον ἡμᾶς νῦν ταλαιπωρουμένους,
τίνος μὲν εἰσορῶμεν ἡλίου φάος
αὖρας πνέοντες; ποῖ δὲ γῆς ἐπήλθομεν
ἀνέμων θυέλλαις δεῦρο προσβεβλημένοι;

P. G.

III.

INFANDUM REGINA.

Dido. May I entreat thee to discourse at large,
And truly too, how Troy was overcome?
For many tales go of that city's fall.
Æn. A woeful tale bids Dido to unfold,
Whose memory, like pale Death's stony mace,
Beats forth my senses from my troubled soul,
And makes Æneas sink at Dido's feet.
Dido. What, faints Æneas to remember Troy,
In whose defence he fought so valiantly?
Æn. Then speak, Æneas, with Achilles' tongue,
And Dido, and you Carthaginian peers,

III.

ΔΙΔΩ. ΑΙΝΕΙΑΣ.

Διδ. Πάντ᾽ ἐκκάλυψον καὶ γέγων᾽ ἡμῖν λόγον,[5]
καὶ ταῦτ᾽ ἀκριβῶς, Ἴλιος πῶς ἡρέθη·
φήμη γὰρ ἔπτη ποικίλη καταφθορᾶς.
Αἰν. ἀλγεινὰ μέν μοι καὶ λέγειν ἐστὶν τάδε,
ἄλγος δὲ σιγᾶν· σοὶ δὲ πειστέον, γύναι·
ὡς ψυχοπομποῦ ῥάβδος ἐκπλήσσει φρένας,
τοσόνδ᾽ ἄθυμον θυμὸν ἐξέστην ἐγώ,
γονάτων τε τῶν σῶν πρόσθεν ἐκλυθεὶς πίτνω.
Διδ. ἦ καὶ προλείπεις Ἰλίου μεμνημένος,
πάτρας σέθεν κράτιστος ἀσπιστὴς γεγώς;
Αἰν. ἄνασσα, κύριοί τε τῆσδε τῆς χθονός,
ἐγὼ διδάξω ταῦτ᾽ Ἀχιλλείοις λόγοις·

Hear me, but yet with Myrmidons' harsh
    ears,
Lest you be mov'd too much with my sad
    tale.

Ch. Marlowe.

ὑμεῖς δ' ἀκούειν τλῆτε Μυρμιδόνων τρόποις,
ὡς μὴ πρὸς ἧπαρ θιγγάνῃ τάδ' ἄθλια.

G. M.

IV.

JULIA.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?
Luc. Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in us!
Jul. How now, what means this passion at his name?
Luc. Pardon, dear madam, 'tis a passing shame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.
Jul. Why not on Proteus, as on all the rest?
Luc. Then thus,—of many good I think him best.
Jul. Your reason?
Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason:
I think him so, because I think him so.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, I. 2.

IV.

ΟΑΡΙΣΤΥΣ.

Ι. Ποῖος δοκεῖ σοι Πρωτέως φίλον κάρα;[6]
Λ. ὦ πρὸς θεῶν, ὡς ἄφρονες πεφύκαμεν!
Ι. καὶ πῶς κλύουσα νῦν τόδ' ἐκνίσθης φρένας;
Λ. σύγγνωθι δὴ δέσποινα· καὶ γὰρ οὐ πρέπει,
εἰ δυσγενής τις, ὡς ἐγὼ, τέχνης ἄτερ
κρίνειν τι τολμᾷ φωτὸς εὐγενοῦς πέρι.
Ι. ἄλλους δὲ κρίνασ' οὐ κρινεῖς καὶ Πρωτέα;
Λ. ὡς ἐν καλοῖς κάλλιστον ὄντα νιν λέγω.
Ι. τί δὴ μάλιστα;
Λ. τόδε γυναικεῖον φρονῶ·
ἐμοὶ δοκῶν κάλλιστος, οὗτος οὖν δοκεῖ.

G.

V.

DUKE AND CLAUDIO.

Du. So, then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?
Cl. The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope:
I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.
Du. Be absolute for death; either death or life,
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life;—
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing,
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art
(Servile to all the skiey influences),
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict.

Measure for Measure, III. 1.

V.

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ.

Ἡγ. Ἦ δὴ σὺ πρός γ' ἄνακτος ἐλπίζεις λύσιν;
Κλ. τοῖς ἀθλίοις οὐκ ἔστ' ἄκος πλὴν ἐλπίδος.
θανεῖν ἕτοιμος, ζῆν ἔχω τιν' ἐλπίδα.
Ἡγ. ἐγκαρτέρει δὴ θάνατον,[7] ἡδονὴ δέ τις
πλείων πάρεστιν, εἴτε δὴ μόρος πάρα,
εἴτ' οὖν βιώσει· περὶ βίου λέξεις τάδε·
ἣν δὴ στερηθῶ σοῦ, στερήσομαι μόνον
κτέανόν τι μώρων, καὶ γὰρ εἶ πνεῦμ' ἀσθενές,
κίνυγμα δὴ κενὸν τόδ' αἰθύσσον δέμας,
πάσχον δ' ὃ δή ποτ' οὐρανοῦ πνοαῖς δοκεῖ.

G.

VI.

LEONATO'S GRIEF.

I pray thee cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless,
As water in a sieve: give not me counsel,
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father, that so lov'd his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine
And let it answer every strain for strain;
And thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard;
And, "sorrow wag" cry hem, when he should
groan;

VI.

ΑΛΓΟΣ.[8]

Ἀλλ' οὔτι παύσει ταῦτα νουθετῶν ἐμέ;
ὥσπερ γὰρ, εἴ τις κοσκίνῳ τετρημένῳ
ὕδωρ ἐπείγοιτ' ἐγχέαι, τόσον δὲ σὺ
λόγους προκόπτεις σοὺς καταντλήσας ἐμοῦ.
μή μοι γε μύθους· μή τις οὖν θέλξῃ λόγοις,
ὃς μὴ κακοῖς ἐμοῖσιν ἐξισοῖ κακά.
ἀλλ' εἰ παρασχεῖν τῶν ἐφημέρων ἔχεις
ὅστις τό γ' αὑτοῦ τέκνον, ὡς κἀγώ, 'φίλει,
χάρμης δὲ τοίας ἐστέρη τητώμενος,
τὸ καρτερεῖν μ' ἐκεῖνος ἐκδιδαξάτω.
κείνου δὲ πήματ' ἀτρεκῶς ἀπείκασον
ἐμοῖσιν ἐξισοῦντά τ' ἀντηχοῦντά τε
μηδ' ἐλλιπόντα μηδὲν ἀλλ' ἀντίστροφα
ἅπασι καὶ τύποισι καὶ μορφώμασιν.
εἰ γὰρ τοιαῦτά τις παθών, εἶτ' εὐμενὴς

Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience,
But there is no such man: For, brother, men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but tasting it
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words:
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself: therefore give me no counsel:
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Much Ado about Nothing, V., 1.

φαιδρῷ προσώπῳ περιπατοῖ λύπης ἄτερ,
φράσας δὲ χαίρειν πολλὰ τοῖς ἀλγήμασιν
ἥδοιτο μηδέν τι στένων, παροιμίαις δ'
ἄλγη μαλάσσοι, φαρμάκοις δὲ συμφορὰς
φαύλοισι παύσαι, κεῖνος οὖν διδαξάτω
φέρειν τι ῥᾷον τάσδε πημονὰς ἐμέ.
ἀλλ' οὔτις ἔστι τοῖος. ἀλλ' ἀεὶ βροτῶν
πρόχειρος, ὅστις πημάτων ἔξω πόδα
ἔχων παραινεῖ νουθετεῖ τε τὸν κακῶς
πράσσοντα, πημοναῖσι δ' ἤν τις ἐμπέσῃ,
φροῦδ' ἔσθ' ἅπαντα πρὶν καλῶς εἰρημένα.
δεινῶς φλέγονται κἀξορίνονται κέαρ
οἱ πρόσθεν ἠπίοισιν ἐξιώμενοι
λόγοισιν ὀργήν· τοῖς δὲ λυσσῶσιν φρένας,
δεσμοὺς ἀδέσμους προστιθέντες ἄλγεσιν,
μύθους φέρουσιν, ἄχυρα δῆτ' ἀντ' ἀλφίτων.
πάντων γάρ ἐστι τοὺς ταλαιπωρουμένους
μύθοις παραινεῖν τοιάδ'· "ὦ τλῆμον κάρα,
οὐ δὴ τὰ σ' ἄλγη καρτερᾷ τλήσει φρενί;"
αὐτὸς δ' ἐπὴν εἰς τοιάδ' ἐμπέσῃ κακά,
οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδεὶς ὧδε καρτερὸς κέαρ,
ὅστις τάδ' αὐτοῦ πρόσθε νουθετήματα
σώσειε·[9] τοιάδ' οὖν μέθες με νουθετεῖν·
λόγοι γὰρ ἄλγους οὐκ ἂν ἐξίκοιντ' ἐμοῦ.

J. S.

VII.

BASSANIO.

So may the outward shows be least themselves ;
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil ? In religion
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament ?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.

. . . .

Thus ornament is but the gilded shore
To a most dangerous sea ; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty ; in a word,

VII.

ΣΚΙΑΙ.

Οὕτω τὸ πρόσχημ᾽ ἂν πέλοι σκιὰ μόνον.
πάλαι πέφυκε γάρ τις ἐψεῦσθαι χλιδῇ.
ἐν μὲν δίκαισιν τίς ποτ᾽ αἰτία σαπρὰ
οὐκ ἂν, πονηρᾷ συμμιγεῖσ᾽ εὐφωνίᾳ,
κρύπτοι κακοῦ πρόσωπον; ἐν δὲ τοῖς Θεοῦ
τί παγκάκιστον ἀμπλάκημ᾽ ἔσθ᾽ οἷον οὐ
πρᾷός τις αἰνεῖ θεσφάτων τ᾽ ἄγει τέκμαρ,
τὸ ψευδόφημον εὐπρεπεῖ κόσμῳ στέγων;
τίς δὴ πονηρία ᾽στὶν, ἥτις οὐκ ἔχει
ἐν τῷ προσώπῳ τοῦ καλοῦ τι σύμβολον;
. . . .
τούτων δ᾽ ἕκατι τὴν χλιδὴν ἂν εἰκάσαις
σφαλεραῖσιν ἀκταῖς δυσπορωτάτης ἁλός,
ἢ τοῖσι πέπλοις οἷς κέκευθεν Αἰθίοψ.

The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy
gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee :
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man. But thou, thou meagre
lead,
Which rather threat'nest than dost promise
aught,
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I. Joy be the consequence !

Merchant of Venice, III. 2.

βραχεῖ λόγῳ δὲ τοῦ βίου προσχήματα
ἔδοξ᾽ ἀληθῆ, ψεῦδος ὄνθ᾽ ὅθεν σοφῶς
σοφοὺς ἔκλεψε. πρὸς τάδ᾽ οὖν ἔρρ᾽ ἀγλαὲ
σὺ χρυσέ, Μίδᾳ δύσποτ᾽, ἔρρε δ᾽ ἄργυρε,
σὺ χλωρὲ δοῦλε τοῖς ταλαιπώροις βροτοῖς,
σφῷν γὰρ λάβοιμ᾽ ἂν οὔτιν᾽, ἀλλ᾽, ὦ χαλκίον,
μᾶλλόν μ᾽ ἀπωθοῦν ἢ δοκοῦν ἐφελκύσαι,
χλωρὸν σὸν ὄμμα πλεῖον ἢ ῥήτωρ σθένει
ἔμοιγε· τοῦτ᾽ οὖν εἱλόμην· εὖ γοῦν πέλοι.

G.

VIII.

PRAISE OF MERCY.

The quality of mercy is not strained—
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed—
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shews the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings
But mercy is above this sceptred sway—

VIII.

ΕΛΕΟΣ.

1.

Οἴκτου μέν, ὦ τᾶν, οὐκ ἀναγκαστὴ φύσις,
πίτνει δέ, λεπτῆς ὡς δρόσου στάζει ψακάς,
ἐξ οὐρανοῦ· διπλῆν δ᾽ ὄνησιν ἐκφέρει,
τῷ μὲν λαβόντι, τῷ δὲ καὶ δωρουμένῳ.
ἐν τοῖς μεγίστοις καὶ μάλιστα δὴ σθένει,
πρέπει δὲ τῷ θακοῦντι βασιλικὴν ἕδραν
τούτου μετασχεῖν μᾶλλον ἢ σκῆπτρον φορεῖν.
τὰ σκῆπτρα μὲν γὰρ τοῦ κατ᾽ ἄνθρωπον κράτους
σημεῖον, αἰδῶ προσπολοῦντα καὶ σέβας,
ὅθεν τυράννων γίγνεται βροτοῖς δέος·
Οἶκτος δέ τοι σκήπτρων γ᾽ ὑπερφέρει κράτους,

It is enthronèd in the heart of kings,
It is an attribute of God himself;
And earthly power doth then shew likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

Merchant of Venice, IV. 1.

τῶν γὰρ τυράννων ταῖσι καρδίαις ἔνι,
καὶ πρὸς χαρακτὴρ ἐμπέφυκε τῷ Θεῷ.
οἶκτος δ' ὅταν περ συμμιγῇ δίκῃ, βροτῶν
κράτος μάλιστα προσφερὲς Θεοῦ κράτει.
σὺ δ' οὖν, προτείνων τοι δίκην, σκέψαι τόδε,
ὡς, εἰ τύχοιμεν μοῦνον ἀκραιφνοῦς δίκης,
πάντες πανώλεις ἂν κακῶς ὀλοίμεθα·
Θεὸν γὰρ ἡμεῖς οἶκτον αἰτούμεσθ', ὅθεν
αὐτοῖσιν ἡμῖν κἄλλον οἰκτίσαι πρέπει.[10]

J. S.

VIII.

ΕΛΕΟΣ.

2.

Ἔχει γὰρ ἔλεος οὐδαμῶς βίας φύσιν,
ἀλλ' ὥσπερ ἱρὸς οὐρανοῦ στάζειν φιλεῖ
ὄμβρος χαμᾶζε, διογενὴς οἶκτος πίτνει.
δὶς δ' ἐστὶ χρηστὸς καὶ τὸν οἰκτίσαντα δὴ
οὐχ ἧσσον ἢ τὸν οἰκτρὸν ὀλβίζων πρέπει.
ἐν δ' αὖ μεγίστοις πλεῖστον ἰσχύει βροτοῖς,
οὐδ' ἂν τιάρας κοιράνῳ μᾶλλον πρέποι.
σκῆπτρον μὲν ἐν τοῖς ἐνθάδ', οὐ κάτω, σθένει,
σεμνοῖς τε κοσμεῖ κοιράνους προσχήμασιν,
ἐξ ὧν τυράννοις ἀμφιβάλλεται σέβας.
οἶκτος δὲ πᾶσι βασιλέων ἀντιῤῥέπων

σκήπτροις, τυράννων εὐπρεπῆ φρενὸς θρόνον
ὑψηλὸς ἵζει, καὶ θεοῖς γ᾽ αὐτοῖς ἔνι.
τί δῆτα πράσσων δεσπότης μᾶλλον θεοῖς
ὅμοιός ἐστ᾽ ἢ συμβαλὼν οἴκτῳ θέμιν;
ἀνθ᾽ ὧν, ἐπεί τοι τὴν θέμιν σὺ προὔβαλες,
ἴσθ᾽ ὡς ἅπαντες, εἰ Θέμις λάβοι δίκην,
ὄλοιντ᾽ ἂν εὐθὺς, οὐ διχοῤῥόπως ἰδεῖν·
ἀλλ᾽ οἶκτον ἡμᾶς Θέμιδος ἐξαιτουμένους
ἄλλους ὁμοίως δεῖ κατοικτείρειν βροτούς.

J. A.

VIII.

ΕΛΕΟΣ.

3.

Οὐκ ἐξ ἀνάγκης οἶκτος ἀλλ' εὔφρων ἔφυ.
ὅπως δρόσος στάζουσ' ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ πέδοι
Διόσδοτος· διπλῆν δὲ τὴν χάριν φέρει,
τὸν γὰρ διδόντα, τόν θ' ἑλόντ' ἐπωφελεῖ·
κράτιστός ἐστι καρτεροῖς· μᾶλλον δέ τοι
κοσμεῖ τύραννον ἢ στέφους γαυρώματα.
σκῆπτρον μὲν ἰσχὺν τοῦδε δείκνυσιν κράτους,
τιμὴν ἔχουσαν καὶ σέβας γεράσμιον,
ὅπου τυράννων δεινὸς ἱζάνει φόβος,
οἶκτος δὲ κρείσσων τῆσδε τῆς σκηπτουχίας·
οὗτος δ' ἐνίζει καρδίαισι κοιράνων,

αὐτῷ Θεῷ σύνεδρος· ἔγγειον κράτος
Θεοῦ κράτει μάλιστα προσφερὲς πρέπει,
ὅταν περ οἶκτος πλεῖστα συμμιγῇ δίκῃ.

G. M.

IX.

ROSALIND.

DU. Mistress, despatch you with your fastest haste,
And get you from our court.
ROS. Me, uncle?
DU. You, cousin:
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles
Thou diest for it.
ROS. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desire,

IX.

ΡΟΣΑΛΙΝΔΑ.

Ἄρχ. Σὲ δὴ ταχίστῃ προυννέπω σπεύδειν φυγῇ
ἔξω περῶσαν τῶνδε δωμάτων, γύναι.
Ῥοσ. ἦ καὶ λέγεις ἔμ' ὦ πάτρως; [11]
Ἄρχ. σὲ δὴ λέγω·
εἰ γάρ σε γαίας τέρμοσιν λαμπὰς θεοῦ
δεκάτη μένουσαν ὄψεται, σὺ κατθανεῖ.
Ῥοσ. ὦ πρός σε γονάτων ἄντομαι τοσόνδ', ἄναξ.
μαθοῦσ' ὅπως ἥμαρτον, ἐκχωρῶ χθονός.
εἰ γὰρ σύνοιδ' ἔμοιγε κἀπιθυμιῶν
ἐμῶν ἴδρις πέφυκα, μηδ' ἄφρων κυρῶ,

If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,
(As I do trust I am not), then, dear uncle,
Never, so much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highness.

DU. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself;
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

ROS. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends.

DU. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

ROS. So was I when your highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your highness banish'd him;
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

CEL. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

DU. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

εἰ μήτ' ὄνειροι μήτε λύσσα θεῶν ὕπο
ἔπλαγξέ μ' εἰσπεσοῦσ', ὃ μὴ πρὸς θεῶν τύχοι,
οὐπώποτ' ἠδίκησά σ' οὐδὲν οὐδαμῶς,
μίαν γε φροντίδ' ἐξιεῖσα καρδίας.

Ἀρχ. τοιαῦτά τοι λέγουσι πάντες οἱ κακοί.
εἰ δ' ἦν λόγοισιν οἷά τ' ἐκπλύνειν κακά,
οὐκ ἂν θεὸς τῶνδ' ἦν ἀναιτιώτερος.
ἅλις τόδ' ἔστω τοὖπος· οὐ πέποιθά σοι.

Ῥοσ. ἀλλ' οὐκ ἀπιστῶν μιαρὸν ἂν θείης ἐμέ,
σὺ δ' οὖν τὸ τέκμαρ, ᾧπερ εἰκάζεις, φράσον.

Ἄρχ. σάφ' ἴσθι τοίνυν· σὸς πατήρ σ' ἐγείνατο.

Ῥοσ. ἀλλ' ἦν τοιαῦτ', ὅπως νιν ἐξείλου θρόνους,
ὅπως δὲ γῆς ἔπεμψας, ἦν τοιαῦτ', ἄναξ.
οὔτοι προδοσίαν, κλῆρον ὣς, λάχοι τις ἄν.
εἰ δ' ἔστι δὴ τόδ', οὐ μέλει· πατὴρ ἐμὸς
οὐκ ἦν ἄπιστος· τοιγαροῦν ἄναξ σκόπει,
μή πως ἁμάρτῃς ἐμὲ δοκῶν χρείᾳ κακήν.

Κηλ. ὦναξ, σὺ δ' ἀντάκουσον, ἄντομαί σ' ἐγώ.

Ἄρχ. καὶ δὴ μένειν σφ' εἴασα σοὶ χάριν φέρων·
σὺν πατρὶ γὰρ φυγόντι συνέφυγεν τότ' ἄν.

CEL. I did not then entreat to have her stay,
It was your pleasure and your own remorse;
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why, so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

As you like it, I. 3.

Κηλ. οὐκ ἠντόμην ἔγωγέ νιν δόμοις μένειν,
αὐτὸς δ' ἔδρασας ταῦθ' ἑκουσίῳ τρόπῳ
νέμεσίν τ' ἀλύσκων· ἀλλ' ἐγὼ νεᾶνις ἦ,
οὐδ' ἔμαθον οἵας δὴ φρένας κείνη τρέφει,
νῦν δ' οἶδ' ἐγώ νιν, ἥτις ἔστ', ἐκ καρδίας.
εἰ μέν τι κείνη σοι 'πιβουλεύει λάθρα,
κοινωνὸς οὖν ἔγωγε· κοινὸν ἦν λέχος,
κοινή θ' ὁμοίως ἐκ λέχους ἀνάστασις,
κοινὴ τροφή τε καὶ μάθος καὶ παιδιά·
ἦμεν δ' ὁμοῦ ξυνωρὶς ὡς ὁμοπτέρων
Ἥρας κύκνοισιν ἐμφερής, ἑνὶ ζυγῷ
φιλίως ἀεὶ στείχουσα συμμέτροις ποσίν.

G.

X.

EXILE.

G. All places that the eye of Heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens:
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not, the king did banish thee;
But thou the king: Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour
And not, the king exil'd thee, or suppose,
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,

X.

ΦΥΓΗ.

Γ. Ὅσους γε χώρους Ἥλιος κατασκοπεῖ,
ὅρμοι σοφοῖσιν πάντες εἰσὶν εὔξενοι.
δίδασκε δ᾽ ὧδε νουθετῶν τὸ σὸν χρέος·
‘τὸ τῆς Ἀνάγκης ἔστ᾽ ἀδήριτον σθένος·’ [12]
μηδ᾽ οὖν νόμιζ᾽ ἄνακτά σ᾽ ἐκπέμψαι χθονός,
αὐτὸς δ᾽ ἄνακτα· καὶ γὰρ ἄλγιον βάρος,
εἴ τις κακὸν δὴ φαίνεταί τι δυσφορεῖν,
ἀλλ᾽ εἶα χώρει πᾶσιν ἐννέπων ὅτι
ἔστειλ᾽ ἐγώ σε κῦδος αἵρεσθαι μακράν,
οὐχ ὡς ἐκεῖνος σ᾽ ἐκ δόμων ἐξήλασεν.
εἰ δ᾽ αὖ θέλεις, φέρ᾽ ἐννόει φρεσὶν τόδε,
ὡς δή τις αἰνὸς λοιμὸς ἐκ τύχης τινὸς
τῷδ᾽ ἐμπέφυκεν ἀέρι, χθονὸς δὲ δεῖ

And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st.
Suppose the singing birds musicians;
The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strew'd;
The flowers, fair ladies; and thy steps, no more
Than a delightful measure or a dance:
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.
BOL. O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
O, no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse.

Richard II., I. 3.

οὖδας ματεύειν κρείσσονος κραιπνοῖς ποσίν.
ἢν δ᾽ αὖ τινός τις ἵμερος ψυχὴν ἕλῃ,
νόμιζε τούτου κεῖθι τεύξεσθαί ποτε,
ὅποι πορεύει κοὐχ ὅθεν γ᾽ ἐλήλυθας.
ἔστων δέ σοί γ᾽ ὄρνιθες ἀντὶ μουσικῶν,
πόαν πατῶν δὲ μέλαθρον ἐμπατεῖν δόκει
πάμπρεπτον, ἄνθη δ᾽ εἴκασον νύμφαις καλαῖς.
ὅταν βαδίζῃς, εἰσιὼν ὥσπερ χορόν,
εὐσχήμον᾽ ὀρχηστῆρος ἔνδειξαι βάσιν.
τοῦτον δ᾽ ἀνία μειόνως δάκνει πικρά,
ὅτῳ γέλως τὰ τοιάδ᾽ οὐδ᾽ ἄγαν βάρος.
Βολ. τίς δ᾽ ἐν χεροῖν πῦρ οἷός ἐστι βαστάσαι,
κρυσταλλόπηγ᾽ Ὄλυμπον ἐννοούμενος;
τίς λιμοθνὴς ὢν πεῖναν ἀμβλύνοι ποτ᾽ ἄν,
βλέπων ἑορτὴν ἐν φρενῶν ὄσσοις μόνον;
τίς γυμνὸς ἐν χειμῶνος ἵζοιτ᾽ ἂν βολαῖς,
θέρος φλογωπὸν φροντίσιν θηρώμενος;
φεῦ φεῦ· πρόνοια τἀγαθοῦ δάκνει πλέον,
ὅτῳ κάκιον δή τι πῆμ᾽ ἐνήλατο.

P. G.

XI.

JOAN OF ARC.

Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate:
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat displayed my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me;
And, in a vision full of majesty,
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity:
Her aid she promis'd and assur'd success.
In complete glory she revealed herself;

XI.

ΙΩΑΝΝΑ.

Ἄναξ, γένος μὲν θῆσσα ποιμένος τ' ἔφυν,
φρένας δ' ἄϊδρις εἰμὶ παντοίας τέχνης.
Θεῷ δ' ἔδοξε καὶ μάλιστα Ποτνίᾳ,
ἀκτῖνι δόξης ἑστίας ἐμῆς θιγεῖν.
ἐμοὶ γὰρ οὖν, μήλοισιν ἡνίχ' εἱπόμην
νέα νέοισιν, ἥλιός τε μοι γένυς
αἴθων ἔχραινεν, αἶψα δὴ παρίστατο
αὐτὴ θεοτόκος εὐκλεὴς ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ.
πρέπουσα δ' ὡς ἄνασσ' ἐν ἀστέρων χορῷ
τάδ' εἶπε λαμπρῶς· Σοὶ μὲν ἔργον ἐκλιπεῖν
φαῦλον κελεύω πατρίδα δ' ἐξελεῖν κακῶν.
νίκην δ' ὑπέσχετ'· εὖ γὰρ ἂν παραστατεῖν
αὐτὴ βοηθός· ὧδ' ἐμοὶ κατηξίου

And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,
That beauty am I blessed with which you may
see.
Ask me what question thou can'st possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated :
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this : Thou shalt be fortunate
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

I. Henry VI., I. 2.

αἴγλῃ φανῆναι δεσπότις τῶν Ἀγγέλων.
καὶ πρός γε τούτοις, ἣν ἐμοὶ δέμας πάρος
μέλαν τι χρωτί· τοῦδε δ' ἐκ χρόνου φυῆς
κάλλους ἔκυρσα δῆθεν, ὡς ὁρᾶν πάρα,
ἀκτῖσιν ἃς ἔσπειρεν ἐκκοσμουμένη.
πρὸς ταῦτα τοίνυν ὅ,τι ποτ' εἰδέναι θέλεις
μάστευ', ἐγὼ δὲ συντόμως ἀμείψομαι·
εἰ δ' ἀνδρίας φίλ' ἐστί σοι πεῖραν λαβεῖν,
ἔλθ' εἰς ἅμιλλαν, οὐδ' ἐγὼ δόξω κακή.
ὅσον θ' ὑπὲρ θήλειαν ἐκπρέπω φύσιν
γνώσει· σὺ δ' ἐν δέλτοις τόδ' ἐγγράφου φρενῶν,
πάντ' εὐτυχήσεις, ἤν μ' ἕλῃ δορύξενον.

G.

XII.

THE RIGHT.

What better breastplate than a heart untainted!
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

II. Henry VI., III. 2.

XII.

ΔΙΚΗ.

Τίς ἐστὶ θώραξ φέρτερος κεδνῆς φρενός;
τρὶς δ᾽ ἔσθ᾽ ὁπλίτης ᾧ τὸ νεῖκος αἴσιμον.
κεῖνος δὲ γυμνὸς, ἐγκρυφεὶς παντευχίᾳ,
ὅτῳ φρόνημα τἄδικον διέφθορεν.

G.

Τίς δῆτα θώραξ φέρτερος κεδνῆς φρενός;
ᾧ δ᾽ αἴσιμον τὸ νεῖκος, οὗτος Ἡρακλῆς.
κεῖνος δὲ γυμνὸς, κἂν δέμας κρύψῃ χάλυψ,
ὅτῳ φρόνημα τἄδικον διέφθορεν.

G.

XIII.

DEATH OF YORK.

RICH. But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?
MESS. Ah! one that was a woeful looker on.
EL. O, speak no more! for I have heard too much.
RICH. Say how he died, for I will hear it all.
MESS. Environèd he was with many foes,
And stood against them as the hope of Troy;
But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timbered oak.

III. Henry VI., II. 1.

XIII.

ΑΡΕΙΦΑΤΟΣ.

1.

Ρ. Οὗτος, τίς εἶ ποθ', ὧδε συννεφὲς βλέπων;
δηλοῖς γὰρ αἰνὸν δή τι καλχαίνων ἔπος.
'Αγγ. οἴμοι· θεατὴς γάρ τις ἦν τάλας ἐγώ.
'Ε. φεῦ φεῦ, σιώπα νυν, περισσὰ γὰρ κλύω.
Ρ. τίς δ' οὖν τελευτή; βούλομαι γὰρ ἐκμαθεῖν.
'Αγγ. ἐχθροῖς ὅδ' οὖν πολλοῖσιν ἐγκυκλούμενος
ἔρεισμα Τροίας προστάτης τ' ἀνθίστατο.
'αλλ' οὐδ' ἂν αὐτὸς Ἡρακλῆς κρατοῖ μάχην
πολλοῖς συνάψας. εἰ δὲ πολλὰ κόπτεται
δρῦς τις κρατίστη, καίπερ ἀξίνης τύποις
σμικροῖς, ὅμως παρ' οὖδας ἐκταθήσεται.

G. Mc.

XIII.

ΑΡΕΙΦΑΤΟΣ.

2.

Ρ. Οὗτος, τίς εἶ ποτ᾽; ὄμμα γὰρ κατηγορεῖ
σκυθρωπὸν ἐξεροῦντος ἀλγίστους λόγους.
᾽Αγγ. φεῦ· δεινά τοι δέδορκα κοὐκ ἀνασχετά.
᾽Ε. οὐ σῖγα; μηδὲ μακρὸν ἐκτείνῃς λόγον·
ἤδη γὰρ ἤκουσ᾽ ὧν γε μήποτ᾽ ὤφελον.
Ρ. ἀλλ᾽ οὖν σὺ λέξον. πάντ᾽ ἐγὼ μαθεῖν θέλω.
᾽Αγγ. πολλοῖς γὰρ ἐχθροῖς κεῖνος ἐγκυκλούμενος,
Τροίας ἔρεισμα, πᾶσιν ἀντέστη βίᾳ·
ἀλλ᾽ οὐδ᾽ ἂν αὐτὸς Ἡρακλῆς πολλοῖσι δὴ
μάχην συνάψας ἂν κρατοῖ Διὸς γεγώς.
πολλὰς δὲ τύψας πρῖνον ἂν σφήλειέ τις
σμικρῷ γε χαλκῷ καὶ σιδήρεόν γ᾽ ὅμως.

J. S.

XIII.

ΑΡΕΙΦΑΤΟΣ.

3.

Ρ. Σὺ δ' εἶ τίς, ὦ σκυθρωπέ; καὶ γὰρ εἰκάσαι
λέξειν τι μέλλεις δεινὸν ἄρρητόν τ' ἔπος.
'Αγγ. οἴμοι· θεατὴς ἦν ἐγὼ τῶν πημάτων.
'Ε. σίγα νυν, ὦ φίλ', οὐχ ἅλις λόγων πάρα;
Ρ. ἀλλ' εἰπέ, πῶς τέθνηκε; πάντ' ἀκούσομαι.
'Αγγ. πολλῶν γὰρ ἐχθρῶν ἐν μέσῳ κυκλούμενος
ἠναντιοῦτο Περγάμων ἐλπὶς μόνη.
ἀλλ' οὔτι πράσσοι πρὸς δύ' οὐδ' ἂν 'Ηρακλῆς.
καὶ δένδρον, εἰ καὶ φαίνεται σκληρὸν φύσιν,
τμηθὲν θαμὰ σμικραῖσιν ἀξίναις πίτνει.

J. A.

XIV.

A COURTSHIP.

K. Ed. Now, tell me, madam, do you love your children ?

L. Gr. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. Ed. And would you not do much to do them good ?

L. Gr. To do them good I would sustain some harm.

K. Ed. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

L. Gr. Therefore I came unto your majesty.

K. Ed. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

L. Gr. So shall you bind me to your highness service.

XIV.

ΜΝΗΣΤΕΙΑ.

Ἐδ. Βασ. Ἐμοὶ φράσον τόδ᾽· ἦ φιλεῖς παῖδας, γύναι;

Δέσποινα. ναί· τούσδε μᾶλλον ἢ δέμας φιλῶ τόδε.

Ἐδ. Βασ. πράσσοις τε πόλλ᾽ ἂν ὥστε παῖδας ὠφελεῖν;

Δέσποινα. τούσδ᾽ ὠφελοῦσά γ᾽, οὐκ ἀναίνομαι πονεῖν.

Ἐδ. Βασ. ἀνδρὸς γύας λαβοῦσα, τούσδ᾽ ἐπωφέλει.

Δέσποινα. τοῦδ᾽ οὕνεχ᾽ ἥκω καὶ τάλαινά σ᾽ ἄντομαι.

Ἐδ. Βασ. λέξω δέ σοι πῶς τούσδε δὴ κτήσει γύας.

Δέσποινα. λέξας γε τοιάδ᾽ ἐξ ἐμοῦ κτήσει χάριν.

K. Ed. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them ?

L. Gr. What you command that rests in me to do.

K. Ed. But you will take exceptions to my boon.

L. Gr. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. Ed. Ay, but thou can'st do what I mean to ask.

L. Gr. Why, then I will do what your grace commands.

III. Henry VI., III. 2.

'Εδ. Βασ. ποίαν χάριν δὴ κτήσομαι, κείνους προδούς;

Δέσποινα. χρῆσται μέλειν μοι σὰς ἐπιστολὰς ἀεί.

'Εδ. Βασ. αἰτουμένῳ δέ μοι τόδ' ὀκνήσεις τελεῖν;

Δέσποινα. οὐκ ἂν κατοκνοῖμ' οὐδὲν, ὧν σθένος παρῇ.

'Εδ. Βασ. ἀλλ' οὐδὲν ἐστὶν ἐμποδὼν βουλεύματος.

Δέσποινα. ἐπειξόμεσθα σάς γ' ἐπιστολὰς τελεῖν.

P. G.

XV.

CLARENCE.

Br. Awak'd you not in this sore agony?
Cl. No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul!
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood
With that sour ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who spake aloud, "What scourge for perjury

XV.

ΟΝΑΡ.

Βρ. Εἶτ᾽ οὐκ ἐγείρει τοῦδ᾽ ὕπνου, τόσον παθών;
Κλ. ἥκιστ᾽· ἐμοὶ γὰρ φάσμα τοῦ βίου πέρα
Ἐρινύων ἕκατι δείν᾽ ἐκτείνεται·
φεῦ· τηνικαῦτά γ᾽ ὦρτο καρδίας κλύδων·
ῥόον γὰρ, ὡς ἔδοξα, δυστάλας ἐγὼ
λυπρὸν περάσας καὶ Χάρωνα προσμολὼν
μύθοις ἀοιδῶν ἔξοχον, καθικόμην
μισητὸν Ἔρεβος νύκτα πρὸς μελαμβαθῆ.
ἐκεῖ με πρῶτον πενθερός, σέβας βροτῶν,
χαίρειν κελεύσας καίπερ ἐν ξένοις ξένον,
ἔρρηξε φωνήν· "Φεῦ· πόθεν ψεύδορκος ὤν;

Can this dark monarchy afford false Clar-
ence?"
And so he vanish'd.

Richard III., I. 4.

τίς οὖν τί μασχάλισμ᾽ ἐν ὀρφναίοις δόμοις [13]
῞Αιδου τίνοιτ᾽ ἂν τόνδ᾽ ἀλάστορ᾽ ἐνδίκως;"
καὶ ταῦτα λέξασ᾽ ἀθλία ψυχὴ φυγῇ
διέπτατ᾽.

J. A.

XVI.

MACBETH.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me
clutch thee:
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.

Macbeth, II. 1.

XVI.

ΦΑΣΜΑ ΦΑΣΓΑΝΟΥ.

1.

Ὦ θεοί, τί λεύσσω; μῶν ἐναντίον ξίφος
κώπην προτεῖνον τῇδε δεξιᾷ χερί;
ἀλλ᾽ εἶα μάρπτω χερσί· ποῖ ποτ᾽ ἔπτατο;
οὔτοι κρατῶ σε, δέρκομαι δ᾽ ὅμως σ᾽ ἔτι.
ἆρ᾽ οὔ σε, φάσμα δεινόν, αἰσθέσθαι πάρα
χερσίν θ᾽ ὁμοίως ὀμμάτων τε δέργμασιν;
ἦπου μαχαίρας κέρτομός τις εἶ σκιά,
τέκος μάταιον οἰστροδινήτων φρενῶν;
οὔπω δ᾽ ἀπῆλθες, ἀλλὰ δέρκομαί σ᾽ ἔτι,
σαφές γ᾽ ὁμοίως τῷδ᾽ ὅπερ φέρω ξίφει.

J. A.

XVI.

MACBETH.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me
clutch thee:
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still.

Macbeth, II. 1.

XVI.

ΦΑΣΜΑ ΦΑΣΓΑΝΟΥ.

2.

Τί δ' ἔστι τοῦτο; ξίφος ἐναντίον βλέπω
κώπῃ πρόχειρον· εἶα δὴ μάρπτω χεροῖν.
κρατῶ σε χερσὶν οὐχί, προσβλέπω δ' ὅμως.
ἆρ' οὐ θιγεῖν ἔξεστί μοι τοῦ φάσματος,
εἰ δὴ βλέπειν πάρεστιν, ἢ μόνον φρενῶν—
φρενῶν μὲν οὐκέτ' ἀλλὰ λυσσώδους νόου—
εἴδωλον εἶ μάταιον; ὥς σε νῦν βλέπω
ἐναργὲς ὥσπερ καὶ μάχαιραν ἣν φέρω.
ὁδὸν δ' ὁδηγεῖς ἥνπερ οὖν ἐστελλόμην·
χρῆσθαι δὲ δὴ τοιῷδ' ἔμελλον ὀργάνῳ.
ἐψευσμέναι γοῦν εἰσὶν αἵδ' ἐμοῦ κόραι
ἢ δῆτα πᾶσαι φρένες· ὅμως δ' ὁρῶ σ' ἔτι.

G.

XVII.

QUEEN CATHERINE.

Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice,
And to bestow your pity on me : for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions ; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you ? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me ? Heaven
witness,

XVII.

ΑΠΟΛΟΓΙΑ.

Ἄναξ, σέ γ' ὀρθὴν ἀξιῶ κρίνειν δίκην,
αἰδῶ τ' ἐμοῦ σχεῖν πρευμενοῦς ἀπ' ὄμματος.
οἴκτιζε· καὶ γὰρ εἰμὶ δυστυχεστάτη,
γυνὴ τάλαινα, πρὸς δὲ κἄλλοθεν ξένη,
ἔξω δ' ὅρων γεγῶσα τῆσδε τῆς χθονός·
οὐδ' ἔστιν ὅστις ἐνθάδ' εὖ φρονῶν ἐμοὶ
ἴσην διοίσει ψῆφον ἐξ ἴσης φρενός.
ἔρημος ὧδ' εἴμ', οὐδ' ἔχω τιν' ἐλπίδα
ὥς μοι παρέσται τοὔνδικον· σὲ δ' ἐννέπω,
πῶς δῆτ' ἔγωγε σοὶ τοσόνδ' ἀπηχθόμην;
ποῖον δὲ πράξασ' ἔργον ἔς σ' ἁμαρτάνω,
ὁθούνεκ' ἐξελᾷς με καὶ τοὐμὸν λέχος
τολμᾷς παρωθεῖν; τοὺς Θεοὺς μαρτύρομαι,

I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? What friend of mine
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upwards of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up

ἦ μὴν γενέσθαι σοί γ' ἀεὶ κεδνὴ δάμαρ,
οὐδ' ἀντιτείνειν πώποτ' ἂν τολμᾶν τί σοι.
τὸ λῆμά σου γὰρ ἐρεθίσαι—τόδ' ὄκνος ἦν,
εἴωθα δ' ὄψιν σὴν σκοπεῖν ὅπῃ ῥέποι,
ἵν' εἴτε φαιδρὸν εἴτε μὴ τύχοις βλέπων,
κἀγὼ πάθοιμι ταὐτά· τίς ποτ' ἦν χρόνος
ὅτῳ σέθεν τρόποισιν οὐχ ὑπηρέτουν
ἑκοῦσ' ὑποστᾶσ'; ὧν δ' ἐτίμησας φίλων,
τίν' οὖν προτιμᾶν οὐκ ἐγὼ πρόθυμος ἦ,
καὶ ταῦτα καίπερ γνοῦσα πολέμιον πικρόν;
τῶν δ' αὖ φίλων πάροιθεν, εἴ τις αἴτιος
σέ γ' ἠλίταινε, μῶν νιν ἠγάπων; τί μήν;
ἀπέπτυσ' αὐτίκ'· ὦ πόσις, φρόνησον εὖ.
μίμνησ' ἔμ', ἄλοχον οὖσαν εἰκοσίν γ' ἔτη
ὑπήκοον τοιαῦτα σοὶ τεκεῖν σπόρον
παίδων μακάριον· εἰ δὲ πώποτ' ἐν χρόνῳ
τόσῳ λέγειν πάρεστιν ἡμέραν μίαν,
καὶ πρός γ' ἐλέγχειν, ἔνθ' ἐγὼ πίστιν πάρα
ἔπρασσον ἢ τῆς δεξιᾶς ὅρκων τ' ἐμῶν
ἐδόκουν λαθέσθαι τοῦ τ' ἐμοῦ σεβασμίου
πρὸς σὸν δέμας τύραννον—εἰ ταῦθ' ὧδ' ἔχει,
ἀπόπεμψον οὖν με πρὸς Διός· λύμη δ' ἄκρα
τιμῆς μ' ἀπείργοι, καὶ κακὴ κάκιστ' ἐγὼ

To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
My father, King of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince that there had reign'd by many
A year before: It is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful: Wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel
I will implore; if not, i' the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Henry VIII., II. 4.

δίκης ὀλοίμην ῥήγμασιν τομωτάτοις.
τάδ᾽ ἄλλα σοι λέγοιμ᾽ ἄν, εἰ κλύειν δοκεῖ.
ὁ μὲν πατήρ σου κληδόν᾽ εἰλήχει μακρὰν
φρονήσεως ἕκατι νοῦ θ᾽ ὑπερφέρων·
οὑμὸς δὲ καὐτὸς Φερδίνανδος ἀγαθός,
ἄναξ Ἰβήρων, τῶν πρὶν ἀρχόντων ἐκεῖ,
ὅσων νέοι μεμνήμεθ᾽, ἀρχηγὸς πρέπει.
τούτω μὲν οὖν δὴ τῶν σοφῶν πανήγυριν
ἀναμφίλεκτόν ἐστιν ἐκ πάσης χθονὸς
ἀνδρῶν ἀθροῖσαι τοῦδε τοῦ πράγους πέρι
κρινοῦσαν· οἵδε δ᾽ ἡμὶν οὐκ ἀπηξίουν
γάμους· γάμων δ᾽ ἔδοξεν οὐδὲν ἐμποδών.
πρὸς Θεῶν σὲ τοίνυν λίσσομαι, φίλον κάρα,
μήπω με κρίνειν, ἔστε συγγόνοις ἐμοῖς
τοῖς ἐξ Ἰβήρων συμβαλεῖν λόγους ἔχω.
τοὐμὸν γὰρ ἐν τοῖσδ᾽· εἰ δὲ μὴ θέμις τάδε,
ὡς εἶπας ἔστω· καὶ γὰρ οὐκ ἀναίνομαι.

G.

XVIII.

WOLSEY'S LAMENT.

Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms
And bears his blushing honours thick upon
him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full
surely
His greatness is a-ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls as I do. I have ventured
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;

XVIII.

ΟΓΚΟΥ ΣΦΑΛΜΑ.

1.

Ὦ χαῖρ' ἐς αἰεὶ, πολλὰ χαῖρ' εὐδοξία.
βροτῶν βίος πέφυκεν ὧδ'· ἐκφαίνεται
νῦν ἐλπίδος βλαστήματ', εἶτ' ἀντήλια
ἄνθη φύει πάμπολλα πορφυρᾶς χλιδῆς·
κἄπειτα τοῖσδ' ἐπῆλθε δύσχιμον κρύος,
ῥίζαν τ' ἔδηξεν, εὖτε δ' εὐήθης ἀνὴρ
καρποὺς ἀκμάζειν δῆθεν εἰκάζει κλέους,
εἶθ' οἷ' ἐγὼ τάλας ὄλωλε. πολλὰ δὴ
ἐν πράγμασιν κυδροῖσιν ἐμμεμιγμένος,
μᾶλλόν τι τοῦ δέοντος, αὐθάδης ἐγὼ
σκαιοῖς ἔοικα παισὶν οἵπερ ἐν ῥοαῖς,
ἀσκοῖς νέοντες, ἄφρονες ἐνθρώσκουσ' ἀφρῷ·

But far beyond my depth ; my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me
Weary and old with service to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye :
I feel my heart new opened. O ! how wretched
Is that poor man who hangs on princes' favours!
There is betwixt the smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or woman have,
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Henry VIII., III. 2.

νῦν δ' οὐκέτ' ὄγκος· οἴχομαί θ' ὑπηρέτης
πόνοις ἀπειπὼν δύσποτμος γέρων ἐγὼ
ῥοὴν διὰ τραχεῖαν, ἥτις ἐν βυθοῖς
αἰεὶ καλύψει τόνδε δυστυχέστατον.
κόμπος κλέος τε τοῦ βίου, στυγούμενα,
ἀπέρρετ'· οὐ σφαλεῖτε τόνδε τλήμονα.
δύστηνος, ὅστις δὴ κόλαξ πρόμων κυρεῖ.
μεταξὺ μὲν γὰρ κοιράνων μειδήματος
μορφῆς τ' ἀρεστῆς ὧν τυχεῖν ἱμείρεται,
πρὶν λοιγὸν ἥκειν, δείματ' ἀγριώτερα
ἄλγη τε πλείον', ὧν Ἔρως κἄρης φέρει·
πεσών θ', ὅπως περ νερτέρων ὁ κοίρανος,
πέπτωκεν, οὔποτ' ἐλπίσων ἀνάστασιν.[14]

G. Mc.

XVIII.

ΟΓΚΟΥ ΣΦΑΛΜΑ.

2.

Ὦ πολλὰ χαίρειν προυννέπω τοὐμὸν κλέος.
τοιόσδε τοι πέφυκεν ἀνθρώποις βίος·
νῦν γὰρ τέρειναν σήμερον φύει φόβην
τῆς Ἐλπίδος, τῇ δ' αὔριον βρύειν φιλεῖ
τιμῆς πυκνοῖσιν ἄνθεσιν κοσμούμενος·
τρίτῃ δὲ πάμφθαρτός τις ἐνσκήπτει πάγος·
ἐπεὶ δ' ἀκμάζειν δῆθ' ὁ χρηστὸς οἴεται
εὔκλειαν αὑτοῦ, ῥίζαν ὤλεσεν κακῶς,
κεῖταί τ' ὀλισθὼν αὐτόπρεμνος ὡς ἐγώ.
φελλῷ γὰρ ὡς παῖς ἄσοφος αἰωρούμενος
δαρὸν νένευκα τοῖς κλυδωνίοις ἔνι
κλέους, ἑκαστέρω δὲ τῆς ἀκτῆς πολύ.

τέλος δὲ δεινῶς οὑμὸς αὐξηθεὶς μέγας
ὄγκος τέθραυσται, νῦν δ᾽ ἐγώ, παρειμένος
πόλεως ὕπερ πόνοισιν, εἶτ᾽ ἐκβάλλομαι
μάργοισι ῥείθροις οἷς με κρυφθῆναι χρεών.
φεῦ, φεῦ, ματαία δόξα καὶ βροτῶν κλέος!
ὡς ὑμὶν ἔχθρας διὰ πικρᾶς ἀφικόμην.
νῦν δὴ 'διδάχθην ἠδ᾽ ἐπαιδεύθην φρένα.
οἰκτρόν γέ φημ᾽ ἐκεῖνον, οἴκτιστον μὲν οὖν,
ἐκ τῶν τυράννων ὅστις ἀρτᾶσθαι φιλεῖ.
θηρῶντι γὰρ δὴ κοιράνων μειδήματα,
κέρδος τ᾽ ἀρεστὸν εὐπροσήγορόν θ᾽ ἅμα,
οὗ πάντες ἐντείνοντες εὔχονται τυχεῖν,
τέλος μὲν ὄλεθρος, ἐν μέσῳ δὲ πήματα
πλείω φόβοι τ᾽ ἔσκηψαν ἢ τεχνωμένω
θνητοῖσιν ἐντίκτουσ᾽ Ἔρως Ἄρης θ᾽ ὁμοῦ.
χὤταν πέσῃ τις, ἔπεσε Γηγενῶν δίκην,
τῆς Ἐλπίδος φῶς οὔτι προσβλέψων ποτέ.

J. S.

XIX.

SUPPLICATION.

All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square to take,
On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
With those that have offended: like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
But kill not all together.

XIX.

ΙΚΕΤΕΙΑ.

Ἥμαρτον οὐχὶ πάντες· ἔννομον δὲ πῶς
τοὺς ζῶντας ἀντὶ τῶν κεκμηκότων τίνειν;
λαχεῖν δὲ τἀμπλακήμαθ', ὡς τὰ χωρία,
οὐκ ἔστι κλήρῳ. πρὸς τάδ' ὦ φίλον κάρα
εἴσπεμψον εἴσω τάξιν αἰχμητῶν πόλει,
χόλον δ' ἄφες θύραθεν. ὦ τῆς Ἀτθίδος
φείδου τεκούσης, τῶν θ' ὁμαιμόνων ὅσοι
νεκροὶ πεσοῦνται τῆσδ' ὑπὸ ῥιπῆς χόλου
σὺν τοῖς κακούργοις. ἀλλὰ ποιμένος δίκην
σηκῷ πελασθεὶς τοὺς νοσοῦντας ἐκκάλει,
ἄκος τε πρόσσχες, ποίμνιον δὲ δὴ τὸ πᾶν
μήτοι σὺ πόρθει. ταῖς πύλαις ἢν προσμόλῃς,

Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou'lt enter friendly.

Timon of Athens, V. 5.

ὁδοὺς ἀνοίξεις ἐμβόλων χαλκῶν διά·
μόνον σὺ κληδὶ χρῶ φρενῶν πεπαιτέρων,
πέμψον τ' ἄναυδον ἄγγελον προμηθίας,
φρονεῖν τε τόλμα· 'χαῖρε, φιλτάτη πόλις.'

G.

XX.

CORIOLANUS.

Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, "Forgive our Romans".

Coriolanus, III. 5.

XX.

ΣΕΜΝΟΤΗΣ.

'Αλλ' ὡς μάταιός τις φρενῶν κεκομμένος
ὑποκριτὴς ἔδρασα τῆς γνώμης ἄτερ
αἴσχιστα καὶ κάκιστα πημανούμενος.
ἴσως βαρὺς μὲν εἰμὶ συγγνώμην δ' ἔχε.
ἀλλ' ἄντομαί σ', ὦ κλεινὸν ἐκ δόμων θάλος,
ἀστῶν ἕκατι τῶνδε μὴ 'μὲ πρόσπιτνε.

G.

XXI.

CASSIUS.

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings,
Brutus and Cæsar: What should be in that
Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than
yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;

XXI.

ΚΑΣΣΙΟΣ.

Καὶ μὴν ὅδ᾽, ὦ τᾶν, ἀμφίπλιξ γαῖαν στενὴν
πατεῖ Κολοσσός· ἕρπομεν δ᾽ ὑπὸ σκελοῖν
νᾶνοι [15] γίγαντος, καὶ πέριξ παπταίνομεν
εἴ που τάφοις κρυφθεῖμεν αἰσχίστῳ μόρῳ.
καιρός τις ἐστὶν ἔνθα κύριοι τύχης
καθέσταμεν· μοίρᾳ δὲ μὴ τίθει ψόγον,
ἀλλ᾽ ἡμὶν αὐτοῖς, οὕνεκ᾽ ἄθλιοι φύσιν.
ὦ Βροῦτος ἠδὲ Καῖσαρ· εἶα Καίσαρι
φωνῇ τί δῆτ᾽ ἔνεστι τῆδ᾽ ὑπερβολῆς;
τί δ᾽ ὄνομα Καῖσαρ μᾶλλον ἢ τὸ σὸν κλυτόν;
ἢν γάρ σφε γράψῃς, Βροῦτος οὐχ ἧσσον πρέπει,
οὐδ᾽ ὑστερεῖται χείλεσιν φωνούμενον.

Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art
 sham'd!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?

Julius Cæsar, I. 2.

βάσταζ' · ἰσόρροπον σόν ἐστι · κἂν θέλῃς
κηλεῖν ἀφ' Ἅιδου νερτέρους, ἀντάξιον.
σκοπῶμεν οὖν, πρὸς θεῶν Ὀλυμπίων ὁμοῦ,
ποίαν τιν' οὗτος Καῖσαρ ἐσθίει βορὰν
θρεπτήριον γίγαντος ; ὢ βροτῶν τύχη !
Ῥώμη, σὺ δ' εἰπὲ, ποῦ ποθ' ἡρώων γένος ;
τῶν εὐγενῶν γὰρ οὐκέτ' εἶ μήτηρ τέκνων.
φεῦ φεῦ · πότ' ἦν αἰών τις ἐκ Πύῤῥας χρόνων,
ὅτ' ἄνδρα μοῦνον ἕνα πρόπασα γῆ κλύει ;

G.

XXII.

BRUTUS.

It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:—
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—That;—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power: And, to speak truth of Cæsar,

XXII.

ΒΡΟΥΤΟΣ.

1.

Τόνδ' ἄνδρ' ἀνάγκῃ κατθανεῖν ὀφείλεται·[16]
αὐτὸς δ' ἐφ' αὑτοῦ γ' οὐδαμῶς ἐχθρῶν ἐμοί·
ἀστῶν δ' ἕκατι δεῖ με νῦν σφε λακτίσαι.
καὶ δὴ παρ' ἡμῶν στέφος ὅδ' οὖν χρῄζει λαβεῖν·
φύσιν δ' ἀμείψει πῶς; τόδ' ἐν μεταιχμίῳ.
λαμπρὸν γὰρ ἦμαρ ἐς τὸ φῶς ὄφιν καλεῖ,
ὁδοιπόροις φύλαξιν. ἣν δέ νιν στέφει
αὔξωμεν, ἐμβαλοῦμεν οἶστρον ᾧ πλέον
βλάψει κακουργῶν, εἴ τι πλημμελὲς φρονεῖ.
ἐν τῷδε κάμνει κράτος, ὅταν διχοστατῇ
λίαν πρὸς οἶκτον, ὡς δ' ἐτήτυμον φράσαι,
ἀεί ποτ' ἀνδρὶ θυμὸν οἰακοστροφεῖ

I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the utmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: So Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would as his kind grow mischievous;
And kill him in the shell.

Julius Cæsar, II. 1.

γνώμη, φρενῶν ὀργαῖσι πάντ' ἰσόρροπος·
καὶ πολλάκις πέφυκεν, ὡς παροιμία,
ἡ πρευμένεια μοῦνον ἀντὶ κλίμακος,
δι' ἥςπερ ἂν τύραννος ἀμβαίη νέος.
στείχων ἄνω μὲν κλίμακ' ὀξέως βλέπει,
ἐπήβολος δ' ὢν τῶν ὑπερτάτων βάθρων
ἀπελάκτισέν τοι κλίμακος προσαμβάσεις,
νέφη τ' ἐσαθρεῖ, βημάτων καταφρονῶν
φαύλων, δι' ὧνπερ δὴ πάροιθ' ἔστειχ' ἄνω·
ὃ μὴ γένηται Καῖσαρ, ἐργαθεῖν χρεών.
ἐπεὶ γὰρ οὐ μίασμα συγγνώμην ἔχει
φόνου παρόντος, ὧδ' ἔπος τοιόνδ' ἴτω·
ηὐξημένος γὰρ τοῖος ὢν τοῖος γεγώς,
πρὸς ταῦτα παγκάκιστ' ἂν ὁρμῆσαι τάχος.
δεινῆς ἐχίδνης, τοίνυν, ὡς εἰπεῖν ἔπος,
τόκον νόμιζ' ἐκεῖνον, ὃς γεννώμενος
πρὸς δεινὰ πάνθ' ἕτοιμος, ὡς ὁμόσποροι·
τόνδ' οὖν ἀπόκταν' εὐθὺ πρὶν τὸ φῶς ἰδεῖν.

P. G.

XXII.

ΒΡΟΥΤΟΣ.

2.

Πρὸς ταῦτ' ἀνάγκη Καίσαρα κτανεῖν· τί μήν;
κοὐδὲν κάτοιδ' ἔγωγε διὰ τί νιν στυγῶ,
εἰ μὴ τὸ κοινὸν ὠφελῶν. χρῄζει στέφους·
πῶς δ' αὖ φύσιν τόδ' ἂν τράποι τούτῳ; πόθεν;
λαμπρὰ δ' ἄρ' εἵλη τὴν ἔχιδναν ἐκκαλεῖ,
χρὴ δ' οὖν βαδίζειν εὐλαβῶς· ἦ στέψομεν
δάκος κακὸν τοιόνδε; μηδαμῶς· τί δή;
χόλος γὰρ οὐχὶ ῥᾳδίως παυθήσεται,
ὅστις δὲ νηλὴς, οὗτος οὖν ἄρχει κακῶς,
οὐδ' οἶδα τοῦτον ἦθος ὀξυκάρδιον
δείξαντα μᾶλλον ἢ φρενῶν εὐβουλίαν.
κλέους δέ τοι θαμ' ἐστὶν ἡ ταπεινότης

κλῖμαξ τυράννῳ· τήνδε δ᾽ ἀμβάτης σκοπεῖ,
ἀλλ᾽ ἐσχάτην βαθμῖδ᾽ ἀφιγμένος, τότε
ἐπιστρέφει τὰ νῶτα, καὶ σκοπεῖ νέφη,
τὰ πρὶν δὲ βάθρα πάντ᾽ ἀτιμάσας ἔχει·
οὕτω δὲ Καῖσαρ, δεῖ δὲ κωλύειν τὸ μή.
ἀλλ᾽ οὖν ἐπειδὴ φάρμακ᾽ ἐστὶ μείζονα
νόσου παρούσης, ὧδε συννόει χρέος·
κείνου σθένοντος, πήματ᾽ ἐξαναζέσει
μέγιστα καὶ κάκισθ᾽, ὅθεν νόμιζέ νιν
δεινῆς ἐχίδνης ᾠόν, ὃς γένους δίκην
ἣν ἐκλέπηται, δήξεται κακὸς κακῶς,
κεῖνον δ᾽ ἐν ᾠῷ πρὶν σθένειν κατάκτανε.

G. Mc.

XXIII.

CÆSAR.

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should
fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Julius Cæsar, II. 2.

XXIII.

ΚΑΙΣΑΡ.

Θνήσκουσι δειλοὶ πολλάκις μόρου πάρος,
τῶν δ' εὐγενῶν μοῖρ' ἅπτεται μόνον μία.
πάντων δ' ὅσων ἐγῷδα θαυμάτων βίου,
δοκεῖ μάλιστ' ἔμοιγε θαυμαστὸν τόδε,
βροτοὺς φοβεῖσθαι· καὶ γὰρ ἂν μόλοι μόρος,
ὅταν γ' ὁ καιρὸς τοῦ θανεῖν μολὼν τύχῃ.[17]

G.

XXIV.

ANTONY.

Br. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.
An. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well,
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank.
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.

XXIV.

ΑΝΤΩΝΙΟΣ.

1.

Βρ. Καὶ μὴν ἐκεῖνος ἔρχεται· χαῖρ', ὦ φίλος.
'Αντ. Μέγιστε Καῖσαρ, ὧδε νῦν ταπεινὸς εἶ;
οὕτω δὲ φροῦδα σκῦλά σου καὐχήματα
νῖκαί θ' ἅπασαι; χαῖρε, τλημονέστατε.
οὐκ οἶδ', ἄριστοι, τίς ποτ' ἐν φρεσὶν νόος,
οὐδ' εἰ πρέπει τις ἄλλος ὡραῖος φόνῳ.
ἔγωγε δ', εἰ χρὴ κατθανεῖν, οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως
εὕροιμι καιρὸν τοῦδε δεξιώτερον,
ἐν ᾧ τέθνηκε Καῖσαρ ἐκπνεύσας βίον,
οὐδ' ὄργανόν τι παντελῶς τομώτερον
τῶν φασγάνων, ἃ δὴ βλέπω βεβαμμένα
πάντων ἀρίστου τῶν βροτῶν ἐν αἵματι.

I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek
 and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die.
No place will please me so, no mean of death
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Julius Cæsar, III. 1.

εἰ δ' οὖν ἐμοὶ φρονεῖτε νῦν γε δυσμενῶς,
πρὸς θεῶν, τελεῖτε δὴ τάχος βουλεύματα,
χεῖρες σφαγαῖσιν ἡνίχ' αἱματοσταγεῖς.
εἰ γὰρ κύκλον γε χιλίων ζῴην ἐτῶν,
τὸ μὴ βλέπειν ἑτοῖμος οὐκ ἂν ἦ πλέον,
οὐδ' ἂν θάνοιμι μᾶλλον ἐν δέοντί γε
ἢ τῇδε, Καίσαρός γ' ἐμοὶ συγκειμένου,
σφαγεὶς πρὸς ὑμῶν οἵπερ ἐστὲ κρείσσονες
ἀνδρῶν ἀριστέων ὧν βλέπει νῦν ἥλιος.

J. S.

XXIV.

ΑΝΤΩΝΙΟΣ.

2.

Βρ. Καὶ μὴν ὅδ' ὡς ἔοικε δεῦρο χρίμπτεται
φίλος θανόντος· χαῖρε, καὶ σὺ φίλτατε.
'Αντ. ἆρ' ὦ μέγιστε Καῖσαρ, ἐχθίστῳ μόρῳ
κεῖσαι φονευθείς, οἷος ὢν οἷος γεγώς;
οἵων τροπαίων καὶ καλῶν σκυλευμάτων
ἤδη 'στερήθης· χαῖρε δὴ πανύστατον.
οὐκ οἶδ', ἀριστῆς, εἰ νέον τι μέλλετε,
οὐδ' εἰ δέδοκται, θῦμ' ὅπως, ἄλλον θανεῖν·
ἔγωγε δ', εἰ χρή, Καίσαρος πεπτωκότος,
ἤδη θάνοιμ' ἂν εὐκλεῶς ἐσφαγμένος
αὐταῖς μαχαίραις, ἃς ὅδ' εὐγενέστατος
πάντων τ' ἄριστος κατθανὼν ἐπλούτισεν.

ὅθεν φθάσαντες, εἴπερ ὧδ' ἀπηχθόμην,
χερσὶν νεοῤῥάντοισι κἄρτι φοινίαις
ὑμεῖς τι δρᾶτε· νῦν γὰρ ἄντομαι, φίλοι,
ὡς οὔποτ' οὐδὲ μυρί' ἐκπλήσας ἔτη
μᾶλλον πρόχειρος κατθανεῖν γενήσομαι,
οὐδ' οἶδα χῶρον ἄλλον, οὗ τάδ' ὄμματα
μᾶλλον θέλοιμ' ἂν συμβαλεῖν ἢ νῦν, φίλοι,
ὑμῶν βλεπόντων, τοῦδέ τ' ἐγγύθεν νεκροῦ,
ἐν τοῖσι νῦν βροτοῖσιν ἐξοχωτάτων.

J. A.

XXV.

DEFENCE.

O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have
done:
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark
Antony:

XXV.

ΑΠΟΛΟΓΙΑ.

Ἡμᾶς γε μήτοι χρῇζέ σοι μόρον πορεῖν.
ὁρᾷς μὲν οὖν γὰρ ὡς φονόῤῥυτοι χέρας
σκυθροί τε φαινόμεσθ᾽ ἐπ᾽ ἐξειργασμένοις,
στέρνων δ᾽ ἔσωθεν καρδίαν οὐ προσβλέπεις.
χεῖρας μὲν ἡμῶν καὶ ταλαίπωρον νεκρὸν
χερόπληκτον αἱματηρὸν ὧδ᾽ ὁρᾶν πάρα·
φρένες δὲ λανθάνουσί σ᾽· ἔνθ᾽ οἶκτος κρατεῖ·
οἶκτος δὲ Ῥώμης δυσφιλῶς ἐφθαρμένης
φόνον τοιόνδ᾽ ἔκρανεν· ὡς γὰρ πῦρ τὸ πῦρ,
οὕτω φρενῶν τῶνδ᾽ οἶκτον οἶκτος ἤλασεν.
θάρσει σὺ δ᾽ οὖν φίλοισι, φίλτατον κάρα,
ξίφος γὰρ ἐς τὴν σήν γε κρᾶτ᾽ ἀμβλύνεται,

Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Julius Cæsar, III. 1.

ἡμεῖς τε πάντες, τοῦ γε πρὶν μίσους βίᾳ,
σὲ περιβολαῖσιν, ὡς ὁμόσποροι, χερῶν,
ἀσπαζόμεσθα, σὸν σεβίζοντες κάρα.

G.

XXVI.

ANTONY ALONE.

O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby
lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men:
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;

XXVI.

ΑΝΤΩΝΙΟΣ.

Σύγγνωθί μοι, βάρος σὺ γῆς αἱμόρρυτον,
εἰ δὴ φονεῖς [18] πρὸς τούσδε πρευμενὴς δοκῶ.
ἰὼ κρατίστου δὴ βροτῶν ἐρείπια,
πάντων ὅσους ἔθρεψεν αἰανὴς χρόνος.
ὄλοιτο δὴ χεὶρ ἥτις αἷμα προσφιλοῦς
ἔρρανεν ἀνδρός· ὧδε γὰρ μαντεύομαι,
σφαγαῖς ἐπιστάς, αἳ συνηγόρων δίκην
τοῖς πορφυροῖσι χείλεσιν χάσκουσ᾽ ὁμοῦ,
ὥσπερ μ᾽ ὑπὲρ σφῶν νῦν λέγειν αἰτούμεναι.
μάστιξ γὰρ ἄρθροις ἐγκατασκήψει βροτῶν,
δόμοις τ᾽ ἐρινύς, ἑστίᾳ τ᾽ ἐμφύλιοι
στάσεις φίλην πλήσουσι δακρύων πάτραν·

Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war:
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry "Havock," and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men groaning for burial.

Julius Cæsar, III. I.

τόσον δ᾽ ἂν ὄλεθρος αἱματοσταγὴς βρύοι,
τόσον δ᾽ ἂν ἔργα βλαστάνοι μιαιφόνα,
ὥστ᾽ ἐγγελᾶν τοι μητέρ᾽ ἄθλιον γέλων
αὑτῆς βρέφη βλέπουσαν ἀρταμούμενα.
πλήθει φόνων γὰρ φροῦδος οἶκτος ἐκφυγών·
καὶ Καίσαρος μανεῖσα τιμωρὸς σκιά,
Ἄτῃ συνομνῦσ᾽ ἐκ σκότου νεήλυδι,
Ἄρην τε κλάγξει κἄρεος λύσει κύνας,
ἕως ἄγος τόδ᾽ ἀτμὸν ἐξανῇ ποτε,
οὐ Σύριον ἀγλάισμα τοῦ μύρου πνέον,
ἀνδρῶν ἀθάπτων τὴν ταφὴν αἰτουμένων.

G.

XXVII.

ANTONY OVER CÆSAR.

But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:

XXVII.

ΑΝΤΩΝΙΟΣ

1.

Εἰπὼν ἅπαξ χθὲς Καῖσαρ οἷός τ' ἦν κρατεῖν
εἷς ἀντὶ πάντων· ἀλλὰ νῦν ὧδ' ἐκταθεὶς
κεῖται· σέβει δ' οὔτις νιν οὐδ' ὁ φαῦλος ὤν.
εἰ δὴ πρὸς ὀργὴν καὶ στάσιν θέλοιμ' ἐγὼ
ὑμῶν ὀτρῦναι καὶ παροξῦναι φρένας,
Βροῦτόν τε δράσαιμ' ἂν κακῶς καὶ Κάσσιον,
οὓς πάντες ἴστε παγκάλους, εἴ τις βροτῶν·
τοὺς δ' οὔτι[19] βλάψω· μᾶλλον ἂν βλάψαιμ' ἐμὲ
χὐμᾶς κλύοντας ταῦτα, τὸν θανόντα τε,
ἀλλ' οὐδαμῶς τώδ', οἵπερ ἄνδρε παγκάλω.
ἀλλ' ἥδε βίβλος, Καίσαρος σφραγίσματα
ἔχουσα· τὴν δ' ἐφεῦρον ἐν τοῖς δώμασι

Let but the commons hear this testament
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's
wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

Julius Cæsar, III. 2.

κείνου· διάθεσις δ' ἐστὶν ἥσπερ εἰ μόνον
κλύοι τι δῆμος, (κοὐκ ἀναγνῶναι θέλω),
μολόντες ἂν κύσειαν ἂν τὰ τραύματα,
ἱρῷ τε τἀκμαγεῖα βάψειαν βρότῳ,
κόμης τ' ἐπαιτοῖέν γε δὴ μίαν τρίχα,
ταύτην τε τοῖς τέκνοισι καὶ τέκνοις τέκνων
θνήσκοντες ἂν λίποιεν ὡς κειμήλιον.

J. S.

XXVII.

ΑΝΤΩΝΙΟΣ.

2.

Χθὲς μέν, πολῖται, τοῦδε Καίσαρος λόγος
λόγοισι πάντων ἀντεσήκωσεν ῥοπῇ,
νῦν δ' αὖ φονευθεὶς ἀθλίῳ κεῖται μόρῳ,
οὐδ' ἐστὶν ὅστις τλήσεταί νιν εὖ σέβειν.
φεῦ φεῦ.
εἰ δ' οὖν, ἄνακτες, δημόθρους ἐγὼ στάσεις
ὑμῖν θέλοιμι καρδίᾳ παρεμβαλεῖν,
Βροῦτόν θ' ὑβρίζοιμ' ἄν, φίλον τε Κάσσιον,
οὗτοι δὲ δήπου παγκάλων εἰσὶν βροτῶν.
ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ αὐτοὺς ὑβριῶ, μᾶλλον δ' ἐμὲ
ὑμᾶς τε τόνδε τ' ἀθλιώτατον νέκυν,
μήτοι γε τούσδε παγκάλους, βλάπτειν θέλω.

ἀλλ' ἥδε δέλτος μοι πάρεστι Καίσαρος
σφραγῖδ' ἔχουσα· τήνδε διαθήκην φέρων
ἐκ δωμάτων τοῦδ' ἔμολον, ὡς δ' ἐμοὶ δοκεῖ,
εἰ προσβλέποι νιν δῆμος—ἀλλ' ὦ φίλτατοι,
ξυγγνωστὸν εἰ νῦν τήνδε μὴ δηλοῦν θέλω—
ἅπαντες ὁρμηθέντες ἂν τεθνηκότος
ἕλκη κύσειαν Καίσαρος, ῥοαῖσί τε
ἱραῖσιν ἐμβάψειαν αἵματος ῥάκος.
κρατὸς δὲ βόστρυχόν τιν' ἐξαιτούμενοι
τῆσδ' ἀθλίας μνημεῖον, εὖ γὰρ οἶδ' ὅτι,
τέκνοισι παραδώσουσιν ἐξ αὑτῶν χερὸς
ὡς κτῆμα πολλῶν χρημάτων ἀντάξιον.

J. A.

XXVIII.

A FAREWELL.

I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards
To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends,
begone;
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you; begone:
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny, for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting.—Friends begone; you
shall
Have letters from me to some friends, that will

XXVIII.

ΠΑΝΥΣΤΑΤΟΝ.

Φυγὼν ἔγωγε τοῖς κακοῖς ῥιψάσπιδα
φυγὴν ἔφηνα· χαίρετ' οὖν πάντες φίλοι.
χωρεῖτε· καὶ γὰρ αὐτὸς ἔργον ἐκτελῶ,
οὗ μηδὲν ὑμῶν ὄφελος· εἶ' ἀπέλθετε.
λιμὴν δ' ἔχει τὰ χρήματ'· ἐξαρπάζετε·
ἔρως τις ἦν μοι μάργος· ἀλλ' αἰδώς μ' ἔχει
νῦν εἰσορῶντ' ὁποῖα φάσματ' ἠγάπων.
ὀρθαὶ τρίχες δ' ἑστᾶσιν ἐμφύλῳ στάσει,
πλόκαμος δ' ἐλέγχει πλόκαμον· ὁ μὲν αὐθαδίας
ἐπιμέμφεται τὸν πυῤῥόν· ὁ δὲ πυρρὸς φόβου
τὸν λευκόν· ἐκχωρεῖτε, λίσσομαι, φίλοι.
ἐπιστολὰς δὲ προξένους παρέξομαι

Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not
 sad,
Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway:
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now:—
Nay, do so: for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you:—I'll see you by and by.

Antony and Cleopatra, III. 9.

φίλους πρὸς ἄλλους· ἑστία δὲ δέξεται
πολλῶν φλέγουσα· πῶς ποτ οὖν σκυθράζετε;
οὔτοι λέγοιτ' ἂν ὡς πάρεστ' ἀκούσιοι·
ἅ μοι γέγωνε Μοῖρα, ταῦτ' ἀκούσατε.
κενὸς κενούσθω· πρὸς δ' ἁλὸς κλυδώνιον
στείχωμεν· εὐθὺς ναῦν τὰ πάντα θ' ἕξετε.
μόνον δ' ἐᾶτε μ' ὦ φίλοι τυτθὸν χρόνον,
πρὸς θεῶν ἱκνοῦμαι· καὶ γὰρ ἐξεκόκκισα
τὸ κάρτος· ὧδε λίσσομαι· τάχος δ' ἴσως
ὑμᾶς ἅπαντας ὄψομαι.

G.

XXIX.

CAPULETS CONSOLED.

FRI. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion;
For 'twas your heaven she should be advanc'd.
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd,
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?

XXIX.

ΠΑΡΑΜΥΘΙΑ.

Φεῦ φεῦ·
οὐ σῖγα; πῶς νοήσετ' ἴασθαι κακὰ
κακοῖσι δυσφημοῦντες; ἐκ κλυδωνίων
οὐκ ἔστ' ἄκος τοιῶνδε· τῆςδέ τοι κόρης
ὑμῖν Θεῷ τε πρίν ποτ' ἦν κοινωνία,
ὅλην δὲ τήνδ' εἴληχεν αἰπὺς οὐρανός,
κέρδος δ' ἂν οἶμαί που πέλειν τῇ παρθένῳ.
κλῆρον γὰρ αὐτῆς οὐκ ἐσώζετ' ἂν μόρου,
Θεοῦ δὲ πιστὸν ὑμὶν ἐμμένει μέρος.
καὶ μὴν ὅπως τιμαῖσιν ἥδε γ' ἐκπρέποι
ἐσπεύδεθ', ὡς ὧδ' ἐς θεοὺς μολούμενοι.
πῶς οὖν δακρύεθ' ὧδ' ἐπήβολοι λιτῶν,
ἐπεί σφ' ὁρᾶτ' ἀρθεῖσαν εἰς ἕδρας θεῶν;

O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
She's not well married that lives married
long;
But she's best married that dies married
young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church;
For though some nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.
CAP. All things that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral.

Romeo and Juliet, IV. 5.

τήνδ' οὖν φιλοῦντες τοιάδ', οὐ φιλεῖτέ νιν
κάκιστ', ἐπεὶ μεμήνατ' εὐεστοῖ φίλῃ
ἰδόντες αὐξηθεῖσαν; οὐ γὰρ ὀλβία,
ἥτις χρόνον δηναιὸν ἔζευκται γάμοις,
ἀλλ' ἡ νεόζυξ ἀποθανοῦσ' εὐδαιμονεῖ.
ὀμόρξατ' οὖν δακρύματ' ἠδὲ τὸν νεκρὸν
καλῆς καλοῖς κοσμήσατ' ἄνθεσιν κόρης.
φέρεσθε δ' αὐτὴν πᾶσι καλλιστεύμασιν
πρὸς ναόν, ὡς πρέπει γε καὶ νομίζεται.
πόθος δὲ δάκρυ' ἐκκαλούμενος λίαν
οὐδὲν σοφοῖσι πλὴν γέλωτ' ὀφλισκάνει.
Καπ. ὅσ' εἰς ἑορτὴν ἀρτίως ἐκράναμεν,
ἄψορρον ἀλλαχθέντ' ἐς οἰμωγὴν τελεῖ.

G.

XXX.

ROMEO.

Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter ; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light; Upon my life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is, partly, to behold my lady's face :
But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring ; a ring that I must use
In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone.

Romeo and Juliet, V. 3.

XXX.

ΡΩΜΕΩΝ.

Δός μοι μάκελλαν τήνδε καὶ χεροῖν μοχλόν·
ἐπίσχες οὗτος· τάσδ' ἐπιστολὰς λαβὼν
κόμιζ' ἑῷος πατρὶ κυρίῳ δ' ἐμῷ.
πάρες δὲ λύχνον· εἰ δὲ σοὶ βίος φίλον,
ὅσ' ἂν κλύῃς δερχθῇς τε, πάντ' ἀμνημόνει,
καὶ μή μ' ἄπειργε μηδὲν ὧν πρᾶξαι θέλω.
ἦλθον γὰρ Ἅιδου θανάσιμον λέχος τόδε,
τὰ μὲν πρόσωπον τῆσδε προσβλέψων κόρης,
μάλιστα δ' ὡς ἂν ἐκ τεθνηκυίας χερὸς
δακτύλιον ἐξέλω τιν' ἐκπρεπέστατον.
δεῖ γάρ με χρῆσθαι πρός τι πρᾶγμα προσφιλές·
σὺ δ' ἐκποδὼν ἐνθένδ' ἄπερρε σὺν τάχει.

J. S.

XXXI.

HAMLET.

Ham. My father—Methinks, I see my father.
Hor. O, where, my lord?
Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.
Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly king.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hamlet, I. 2.

XXXI.

ΕΓΚΩΜΙΟΝ ΠΑΤΡΟΣ.

Ἀμ. Πατὴρ ἐμός—δοκῶ νιν αὐτόπτης ὁρᾶν.
Ὀρ. ποῦ ποῦ ποτ', ὦναξ;
Ἀμ. ἐν φρενῶν ὄσσοις,[21] φίλε.
Ὀρ. ἅπαξ νιν εἶδον. κεῖνος ἦν ἄναξ καλός.
Ἀμ. ὅδ' ἦν ἀνήρ, ὁποῖον, ἢν σκοπῶ τὸ πᾶν,
οὐκ ἄλλον ὄψομαί γε προσφερῆ πάλιν.

G.

XXXII.

SOLILOQUY ON DEATH.

To be, or not to be, that is the question :
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them ?—To die,—to
sleep,—
No more ; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural
shocks

XXXII.

ΠΕΡΙ ΘΑΝΑΤΟΥ.[22]

Πότερον ἄμεινον ἡλίου φάος βλέπειν
ἢ τεθνάναι; τόδ' ἡμὶν ἐσθ' ὃ σκεπτέον·[23]
πότερον ἀπηνοῦς χρὴ Τύχης τλῆναι βέλη
οἴστρους θ' ἅπαντας, ἢ κακῶν κλυδωνίῳ
ἀντισταθέντα, πάνθ' ἅπαξ παῦσαι πρέπει;
θανεῖν καθεύδειν τ', ἆρ' ἴσον μέρος; πόθεν;
εἰ γὰρ θανόντες καὶ τόδ' ἡμέρας φάος
λιπόντες ὕπνον εἰς ἀεὶ δυσέκλυτον
εὕδοιμεν ἡδύν, μὴ ταλαιπωρούμενοι

That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep ;—
To sleep! perchance to dream ;—ay, there's the rub ;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause : there's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life :
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin ? who would these fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life ;
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,

λύπαισι μηδὲ μυρίοις παθήμασιν,
ὅσων βάρος βροτοῖσι τῇδ' εἱμαρμένον,
οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδὲν οὗπερ ἂν λελιμμένοι
ἦρων ἅπαντες μᾶλλον ἢ πότμον λαχεῖν.
καὶ μὴν ὄνειροι τοῖς καθεύδουσιν βροτῶν
φοιτῶσ' ἄκλητοι· τοῦτο δῆτ' ὄκνον φέρει·
ἐν τῷδ' ἀγὼν μέγιστος, οὐ διχορρόπως.
ποίοις γὰρ ἡμᾶς ἐντυχεῖν ἐνυπνίοις
ἐφήμερον τόδ' ἔλυτρον ἐκδύντας χρεών;
τοῦτ' ἀγνοοῦντας δεῖ κατοκνῆσαι φόβῳ,
ὀδύνη δ' ἄρ' αἰνὸν ὧδε διατελεῖ χρόνον.
εἰ γὰρ παρείη πᾶσιν αὐτουργῷ χερὶ
κακῶν ἐφευρεῖν εὐπετῶς ἀπαλλαγήν,
τίς ἂν τὰ κέντρα μυρίας τ' ἀλγηδόνας,
ἃς δὴ Τύχη δίδωσιν, εὐτόλμως πάθοι;
τίς δυστυχοῦς Ἔρωτος ἂν τλαίη βέλη,
Δίκης τ' ἀναβολάς, τῶν τε κρεισσόνων τρυφήν,
λώβας τε πάσας ἅσπερ οἱ κεδνοὶ θαμὰ
μοίρᾳ κακῇ πάσχουσι τῶν φαύλων ὕπο,
ὅτ' αὐτὸς οἷός τ' ἐκφυγεῖν πόρπης διά;
τίς δ' ἂν τόδ' ἄχθος μυριοπληθὲς κακῶν
στάζων ἵδρωτι καὶ πόνῳ στένων φέροι,
εἰ μὴ κακῶν τι τῶν ἐκεῖ φοβούμεθα,
κέλευθον ἐκπλαγέντες ἄγνωστον βροτοῖς,
ἣν οὔτις ἐλθὼν οὐ κατῆλθεν οὔποτε·

And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn away,
And lose the name of action.

Hamlet, III. 1.

κἀκ τῶνδε πᾶς τις δὴ τὰ νῦν τλῆναι κακά,
ἀμηχανῶν τε καὶ πλανώμενος φρένα,
βούλοιτ' ἄν, ἢ φεύγων τάδ' ἐγκῦρσαι δύαις
καιναῖς, ὅσας δὴ τίς ποτ' ἂν φρονῶν λέγοι;
οὕτω δὲ συννοίαισι τίκτεται δέος,
θάρσους τε κάρτος ἐμφύτου φροντὶς θαμὰ
ὠχρὰ σκιάζει, κεἰς κενὸν διώλεσεν·
κἀντεῦθεν, οἴμοι, πράγματα σπουδαῖ' ἄγαν
θνητοῖς διαῤῥεῖ κἀπὶ μηδὲν ἔρχεται.

J. S.

XXXIII.

OTHELLO.

GRA. What is the matter?
OTH. Behold! I have a weapon:
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day
That with this little arm, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop:—But, O vain boast!
Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.
Be not afraid though you do see me weapon'd;

XXXIII.

ΩΘΕΛΛΩΝ.

Γρα. Τί δ' ἔστι;
Ὠθ. Λεύσσεθ' ὡς πάρεστ' ἐμοὶ βέλος,
οἷον μαχητῶν οὔτις ἄλλο φέρτερον
προσῆψε μηρῷ πώποτ' ἐν χρείᾳ δορός.
ἤδη πάλαι ποτ' αὐτὸς ἐμπεσὼν μάχῃ,
βρίσας τε τῷδε σὺν ξίφει μόνος μόνῳ,
ἀπέωσα πλείον' ἐκποδὼν κωλύματα,
ὧν φαίνεθ' ὑμεῖς, μυριοπληθῆ πολύ.
ἀλλ' ἐς κενὸν τάδ', ὡς ἄφρων, ἐκόμπασα.
τίς γὰρ ῥυθμίζοι Μοῖραν; οὐκέτ' εἴμ' ἐγώ.
μὴ δὴ φοβεῖσθ', ἢν κἄμ' ἴδηθ' ὡπλισμένον.

Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires;—Where should Othello
go?

Othello, V. 2.

ἐγγὺς τὸ τέρμα, καὶ δίαυλον ἐκτελῶ
τοὐμοῦ βίου, νῦν ναυστολῶν πανύστατον.
ἆρ' ἐκφοβεῖσθε; τοῖος οὖν φόβος κενόν·
ἀλλ' ἢν ἐφορμηθῆτε πρὸς στέρνον τόδε,
ὑπεξάγω· φεῦ· ποῖ ποτ' οὖν Αἴας φύγῃ;

G.

XXXIV.

THRENODIA.

Hail, holy Earth, whose cold arms do embrace
The truest man that ever fed his flocks
By the fat plains of fruitful Thessaly!
Thus I salute thy grave, thus do I pay
My early vows and tribute of mine eyes
To thy still loved ashes; thus I free
Myself from all ensuing heats and fires
Of love; all sports, delights and jolly games
That shepherds hold full dear, thus put I off.
Now, no more shall those smooth brows be
girt
With youthful coronals, and lead the dance;

XXXIV.

ΘΡΗΝΩΙΔΙΑ.

Ὦ χαῖρε σεμνὴ χθών, ἔχουσ᾽ ἐν ἀγκάλαις
ψυχραῖσιν ἄνδρα προσφιλέστατον πολὺ
πάντων ὅσοι ποτ᾽ ἐν γύαισι Θεσσαλῶν
ἐνέμοντο ποίμνας. Ὦ σὺ προσφιλὴς νέκυς,
ἰδού, τάφον σὸν προσκυνῶ, κόνιν τε σὴν
φίλην ἔτ᾽ εὐχαῖς αὐξάνω, λοιβαῖσί τε
ὅσας ἵησιν ὄμμα μου δακρυρροοῦν.
τί δ᾽ οὖν τὸ κέρδος; ὧδ᾽ ἐλευθέρα κυρῶ
κέντρων πόθων τ᾽ Ἔρωτος· ὧδε παύομαι
πασῶν ἑορτῶν καὶ χλιδῶν κἀθυρμάτων,
οἷς δὴ φιλεῖ ποιμήν τις ἥδεσθαι παρών.
οὐ γάρ ποτ᾽ αὖθις τοὐμὸν ἐκστέψω κάρα
χλοεραῖς χλιδαῖσιν ἦρος, οὐδ᾽ ἄρξω χοροῦ,

No more the company of fresh fair maids
And wanton shepherds be to me delightful.
Nor the shrill pleasing sound of merry pipes
Under some shady dell, where the cool wind
Plays on the leaves : All be far away,
Since thou art far away, by whose dear side
How often have I sat crown'd with fresh flowers
For summer's queen.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

οὐδ' αὖθις οὔτ' ἂν τέρψιν ἐξ ὁμιλίας
κούρων ἀγροίκων, οὔτ' ἂν ἐν νεάνισιν
λάβοιμι τλήμων χαρμονήν· φροῦδος χαρά.
οὐ Πανὸς αὐλὸς ἦκα συρίξει ποτὲ
λιγυρὸν πνέων βήσσαισιν, οὐ δένδρων κόμην
γλυκὺς κραδαίνει Ζέφυρος· ὄλβος ὤλετο·
ὄλοιθ' ὅλος μὲν οὖν, ἐπεὶ σύ γ' ὤλλυσο,
παρ' ᾧ κλιθεῖσα πολλάκις καθεζόμην
πολυστεφὴς ῥόδοισιν, ὡς Νυμφῶν μία.

G.

XXXV.

AMYCLAS.

Amy. The Spartan gods are gracious, our humility
Shall bend before their altars, and perfume
Their temples with abundant sacrifice,
See, lords, Amyclas your old king is entering
Into his youth again. I shall shake off
This silver badge of age, and change this snow
For hairs as gay as are Apollo's locks;
Our heart leaps in new vigour.

Arm. May old time
Run back to double your long life, great sir!

XXXV.

ΑΜΥΚΛΑΣ.

1.

Ἀμ. Ἀλλ' εὖ φρονοῦντας ἴστε θεοὺς ἐγχωρίους,
ἡμεῖς δὲ βωμοὺς προσκυνοῦντες εὐσεβῶς,
χαμαιπετεῖς κνισῶμεν εὐώδεις νεώς.
ἴδεσθ' ὅπως νῦν κοίρανος παλαιγενὴς
ὑμῶν Ἀμύκλας αὖθις ἐς νέους τελῶ·
ἐγὼ γὰρ οὖν λευκανθὲς ἐκ κρατὸς τόδε
γῆρας παρώσω, καὶ μεταλλάξω τρίχας
πολιάς περ οὔσας ἀντ' Ἀπόλλωνος κόμης.
εὐοῖ·
μυελῷ νέῳ 'μοὶ νῦν ἐπορχεῖται κέαρ.
Ἀρμ. ἄψορρον, ὦναξ, εἴθ' ἀπορρέων χρόνος
θείη διπλοῦν σοι μῆκος ὧν ἔχεις ἐτῶν.

AMY. It will, it must, Armostes; thy bold
nephew, [gates
Death-braving Ithocles, brings to our
Triumphs and peace upon his conquering
sword,
Laconia is a monarchy at length;
Hath in this latter war trod under foot
Messene's pride; Messene bows her neck
To Lacedemon's royalty.

Ford (The Broken Heart).

Ἀμ. γένοιτ' ἂν οὕτω, καὶ γὰρ οὖν χρεών, ἐπεὶ
τῆς σῆς ἀδελφῆς υἱὸς εὐθαρσὴς ἀνὴρ
Ἰθοκλῆς [24] κρατήσας ἐνθάδ' εἰρήνην φέρει
τὴν καλλίνικον· καὶ τέλος Λακωνία
τύραννος ἡμῖν ἐγκαθέστηκεν πόλις·
καὶ λακπατήτους τούσδε τοὺς ἐχθροὺς ἔχει,
οἳ τῇδέ γ' ἡμῶν ἐκπρεπεστάτῃ πόλει
εἴκουσιν ἤδη καὶ ζυγόν γ' ἐκαίνισαν.

J. S.

XXXV.

ΑΜΥΚΛΑΣ.

2.

'Αμ. Νῦν εὐμενεῖς μὲν εἰσὶ θεοὶ Λακωνικοί,
ἡμᾶς δὲ βωμοῖς δεῖ λιταῖς προσεστάναι,
ἁγναῖσί τ' ὀδμαῖς θυμάτων πληροῦν νεώς.
ἀλλ', ὦ γέροντες, γίγνομαι νέος πάλιν
ἄναξ 'Αμύκλας, γῆρας ὧδ' ἐκδὺς τέλος,
ξανθαῖς τε Φοίβου θριξὶ κοσμήσω κάρα,
νέον γὰρ ἐν στέρνοισιν ὄρνυται μένος.
'Αρμ. ἄναξ, χρόνος σοί γ' αὖθις ἄψορρον ῥέοι
ὡς ἂν διπλοῦν αἰῶνα διατελῇς περῶν.
'Αμ. καὶ ῥεύσεταί τοι· νῦν γὰρ εἰρήνην φέρει
καὶ χάρμ' 'Ιθοκλῆς συγγενὴς σός, ὃς πόλει

νίκην παρέσχεν ἐκ ξίφους νικηφόρου.
τέλος δ᾽ ἄνασσα γῆ κυρεῖ Λακωνική,
λύσασ᾽ ἀγῶνι τῷδε Μεσσήνης κράτος.
ὑπήκοος νῦν ἐστὶ γῆ Μεσσηνίων
σκήπτρῳ Λακώνων, οὐδ᾽ ἀναίνεται ζυγόν.

R. A. L.

XXXVI.

A WILDERNESS.

But now an aged man in rural weeds,
Following, as seem'd, the quest of some stray
ewe,
Or wither'd sticks to gather, which might serve
Against a winter's day, when winds blow keen,
To warm him wet returned from field at eve,
He saw approach, who first with envious eye
Perused him, then with words thus utter'd
spake :
Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee to this
place
So far from path or road of men, who pass

XXXVI.

ΕΡΗΜΟΣ.

Ἔνθ' ἦν γέρων τις ἀγρίαν ἔχων στολήν,
οἷος κατ' ἴχνη φοιτάδος στείχειν δοκῶν,
ἢ φρύγαν', ὡς ἔοικε, συλλέξων τινά,
οἷς δὴ κρύος χειμῶνος ἐκβαλεῖ τάλας,
ψυχρῶν πνεόντων πνευμάτων, ἢν πως θερῇ,
ὅταν πρὸς οἶκον ἑσπέρας βρεχθεὶς μόλῃ.
οὗτος προσῆλθε, καί νιν ὀφθαλμοῖς ὁρῶν
ἐπιφθόνοις, τοιούσδε προσφωνεῖ λόγους.
Ὦ τᾶν, τί δυστύχημα δεῦρό σ' ἤγαγε
Σκυθῶν ἐς οἶμον, ἄβατον εἰς ἐρημίαν,
βροτῶν τοσόνδε τῆς λεωφόρου δίχα,
ὅστις κατ' ἴλας ἢ λόχους ὁδοιπορεῖ;

In troop or caravan, for single none
Durst ever who returned and dropt not here
His carcass, pined with hunger and with drouth.

Milton, Par. Reg. I. 314.

μόνος γὰρ οὐδεὶς τῶν κατελθόντων ποτὲ
τοσόνδ' ἐτόλμα, μὴ οὐ μεθεὶς κόνει νεκρὸν
τὸ σῶμα, λιμῷ ξυντακὲν δίψῃ θ' ὁμοῦ.

G.

XXXVII.

SAMSON.

A little farther lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little farther on;
For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade:
There I am wont to sit, when any chance
Relieves me from my task of servile toil,
Daily in the common prison else enjoin'd me,
Where I, a prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw
The air, imprison'd also, close and damp,
Unwholesome draught: but here I feel amends,
The breath of heaven fresh blowing, pure and
 sweet,
With day-spring born; here leave me to respire.

XXXVII.

ΣΑΜΨΩΝ.

1.

Τυτθόν τι πρόσθεν κἄτι δὴ τυτθὸν χέρα
πρότειν', ὁδηγῶν τὸν τυφλὸν πρόσω πόδα.
κείνῳ γάρ ὄχθῳ τέρπεταί τις ἡλίῳ
σκιᾷ θ' ὁμοίως· ἔνθα δὴ θακεῖν φίλον,
ὅταν πικρῶν τύχη τις ἐκλύῃ πόνων
τῶνδ' οὓς ἐν εἱρκταῖς ἄλλοτ' ἐκμοχθῶ τάλας·
ἐκεῖ πνέω γὰρ δέσμιος τὸν δέσμιον
ἀέρα· τί δ' ἀέρ' ἂν λέγοιμ'; οὐ δύσφορον
πνῖγός τι μᾶλλον, νοτίδι καὶ νόσῳ βρύον;
ἀντίρροπον δ' ἄρ' ἐστὶ τῶνδ' αὔρα Διός,
μύρου πνέουσ' ἠῶθεν οὐρανοῦ πάρα·
ὧδ' οὖν ἄφες με τῇδ' ἀνάπνευσιν λαβεῖν.

This day a solemn feast the people hold
To Dagon, their sea-idol, and forbid
Laborious works ; unwillingly this rest
Their superstition yields me; hence, with leave
Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
This unfrequented place to find some ease,
Ease to the body some,-none to the mind
From restless thoughts, that, like a deadly
    swarm
Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone,
But rush upon me thronging, and present
Times past, what once I was, and what am now.

Milton (Samson Agonistes).

καὶ μὴν δέδοκται σήμερον πανήγυριν
Τρίτωνος εἶναι τοῦ θαλασσίου θεοῦ,
ἔργων θ᾽ ἁπάντων παῦλαν οἷς μόχθος γ᾽ ἔνι.
κἀγὼ τοσόνδε δεισιδαιμόνων πάρα
ἔκυρσα χάριτος, καίπερ ἀκόντων ἄγαν,
ὥστ᾽ ἐκτὸς ἤδη τῶνδε δυσφήμου θρόου
ἐλευθερωθείς, τῆσδ᾽ ἐρημίας τυχών,
λυπῶν λαθέσθαι κἀνάπαυλαν ἐνθάδε
ζητεῖν βραχεῖαν, εἰ τύχοι, τῷ σώματι,
οὐ γάρ τι θυμῷ, φροντίδων πικρῶν ὕπο.
αὗται γάρ, ἑσμοῦ σφηκιᾶς δίκην, ὄχλῳ
ἐπεισπεσοῦσαι, καρδίαν μόνην μόναι
δάκνουσ᾽, ἀεὶ δέ μοι παρέστηκεν φρεσίν,
οἷος γεγώς ποθ᾽, οἷος αὖ τανῦν κυρῶ.

G.

XXXVII.

ΣΑΜΨΩΝ.

2.

Ἀλλ' ἐς τὸ πρόσθε πομπίμῳ σὺ δὴ χερὶ
εὔθυν' ἀδέρκτων ὀμμάτων τητώμενον
μικρόν τι, μικρὸν δῆτα κοὐδαμῶς μακράν·
κείνοις γὰρ ὄχθοις, ἤν τύχῃ, σκιᾶς ὕπο
πάρεστι θάσσειν, ἢ 'ν βολαῖσιν ἡλίου,
ὅταν τύχῃ τῳ δουλίους πόνους φυγω,
οἵους ἐπακτοὺς ἐκπονῶ καθ' ἡμέραν
δεσμοῖς, ἐν οἷσπερ δαρὸν ἔσπασα στένων
ἀέρα τὸν ὑγρόν, πνεῦμ' ἐκεῖν' ὀλέθριον.
ἀλλ' ἐνθάδ' αὖραν ἀσμένως ἤδη πνέω
Διόσδοτόν γε· τῇδέ μ' ἀμπνεῦσαι λίπε.
τῇδ' ἡμέρᾳ ποιοῦσι τὴν πανήγυριν

Τρίτωνος, ὅς σφιν πόντιος θεός, πόνων τ'
εἴργουσι λυπρῶν δμῶας οἵδ' ἐγχώριοι.
τοίγαρ μ' ἐῶσιν οἵδε δεισιδαίμονες
σχολὴν ἄγειν ἄκοντες, ἐκλιπεῖν παρὸν
θόρυβον πολιτῶν, καὶ μολὼν τόνδ' ἀστιβῆ
χῶρον, ματεύω τήνδ' ἀνάπνευσιν πόνων.
οὐ γάρ ποτ' ἐστὶ φροντίδων ἀπαλλαγή,
αἳ συντρέχουσι σμῆνος ὣς ὀξυστόμων,
ὅταν μονωθῶ, καὶ προφαίνουσιν τάδε,
οἷος πάροιθ' ἦ, χοῖός εἰμι νῦν ἐγώ.

G. M.

XXXVIII.

THE SUMMER FRIEND.

Your coming, friends, revives me, for I learn
Now of my own experience, not by talk,
How counterfeit a coin they are who friends
Bear in their superscription—of the most
I would be understood ; in prosperous days
They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their
head, [friends
Not to be found, though sought. Ye see, O
How many evils have enclosed me round ;
Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts
me,
Blindness, for had I sight, confused with shame
How could I once look up or heave the head,

XXXVIII.

ΚΙΒΔΗΛΟΣ ΦΙΛΟΣ.

1.

Ἀναψυχὴν μὲν ἥδ' ὁμιλία, φίλοι,
ἐμοὶ παρέσχε, ζωπυρεῖτε δ' ἐλπίδας.
πείρᾳ γάρ, οὐ λόγοισιν, ἄρτι μανθάνω,
παράσημον ὂν νόμισμα γραφθέντας φίλους
τύποισι κιβδήλοισι· τοὺς πλείστους λέγω.
τὸν μὲν γὰρ εὖ πράσσοντα λόχος εἴργει φίλων,
τὸν δ' αὖ κακῶς πράσσοντ' ἀποίχεται φυγών,
φίλον δ' ἐρευνῶν, ἐντύχοις ἂν οὐδενί.
ὁρᾶτέ μ' οἵοις ἐν κακοῖς κεῖμαι, φίλοι,
νῦν δ' ἐστὶ κοῦφον τοῦθ' ὃ δὴ πρόσθ' ἦν βαρύ,[26]
ὄψιν τυφλοῦσθαι· φῶς γὰρ αἰσχυνθεὶς τόδε,
πῶς ἄν ποτ' εἰσβλέποιμ' ἅπαξ ὀρθῶν κάρα,

Who, like a foolish pilot, have shipwrecked
My vessel trusted to me from above,
Gloriously rigged; and for a word, a tear,
Fool, have divulged the secret gift of God
To a deceitful woman? Tell me, friends,
Am I not sung and proverbed for a fool
In every street? Do they not say, How well
Are come upon him his deserts?

Milton (Samson Agonistes).

ὅστις κυβερνῶν ὤλεσα σκάφος κακῶς
δώροις Διὸς πρὶν εὐπρεπῶς ἐσταλμένον ;
λόγων δ' ἕκατι δακρύων τ', εἴκων ἄρα
δολίᾳ γυναικί, δῶρον ἐξεῖπον Θεοῦ
ἄρρητον· οὔκουν φροιμίοις πολυρρόθοις
ὑμνοῦσί μ' ἄλλως, καὶ κλέος μώρου φέρω ;
ἀστοί τε φασὶ πάντες· 'ἔπαθεν εἰκότα·
ὡς εὖ τοιῷδέ γ' ἀνδρὶ προσπίτνει τύχη!'

P. G.

XXXVIII.

ΚΙΒΔΗΛΟΣ ΦΙΛΟΣ.

2.

Ἀλλ' ἥδε τέρπει κοινόπους παρουσία,
φίλοι· φίλους δὲ δὴ καλεῖν ὑμᾶς χρεών.
νῦν δὴ γὰρ ἔργῳ κοὐ λόγῳ τεκμαίρομαι,
ὅπως σαθρὸν νόμισμα κίβδηλόν θ' ἅμα
οἱ δὴ δοκοῦντες εὐμενέστατοι βροτῶν·
τοιόνδε δ' εἰπὼν εἶπον ἐς πλείστους φέρον.
τὸν μὲν γὰρ εὐτυχοῦντα προσκυνεῖν πυκνοὶ
φιλοῦσι, τὸν δὲ δυστυχῆ φεύγουσ' ἀεὶ
ὅσσων ἄποπτοι, κοὔτις ἂν κίχοι ποτέ.
ἀλλ', ὦ φίλοι, θεᾶσθέ μ' ὡς τρισάθλιον
πλῆθος τοσούτων μ' ἀμφέπει δυσπραξιῶν.
ὃ δ' ἦν μέγιστον, οὐδ' ὄλεθρος ὀμμάτων,

σκληρόν τι πῆμα πρόσθε κοὐκ ἀνασχετόν,
λύπην ὁμοίαν νῦν τε καὶ πάροιθ' ἔχει.
ποίοις γὰρ ὄμμασίν ποθ' ἡλίου φάος,
λώβην ὀφλὼν τήνδ', ἂν βλέπειν τλαίην ἐγώ,
ὅστις σκάφος τόδ' εὐπρεπῶς ἐσταλμένον,
θεῶν τι δώρημ', ὥς τις οἰακοστρόφος
τέχνης ἄπειρος, πρυμνόθεν διώλεσα,
λόγοισί θ' αἱμύλοισι καὶ δακρύμασιν
κακῆς γυναικὸς μηχανορράφου θ' ἁλούς,
τἄρρητ' ἐμήνυσ', οὐδὲν ἐγκρύψας, Θεοῦ;
ἦπού με πολλὰ δὴ κατὰ πτόλιν, φίλοι,
πᾶς ἀστὸς ὑμνεῖ φροιμίοις πολυρρόθοις·
'οἷ' ἔργα δράσας οἷα καὶ πάσχει κακά.'

J. S.

XXXIX.

COMUS.

Before the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is: where those immortal shapes
Of bright aërial spirits live insphered,
In regions mild, of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call Earth; and with low-thoughted
care
Confined and pestered in this pinfold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives
After this mortal change, to her true servants,
Amongst the enthronèd gods on sainted seats.

XXXIX.

ΚΩΜΟΥ ΠΡΟΛΟΓΟΣ.

Ἥκω, πύλην ἀστρωπὸν οὐρανοῦ λιπὼν
Διὸς μελάθρων, ἔνθα φαίδιμοι σκιαὶ
ψυχῶν ἀθανάτων ἐμμένουσ᾽ ὑψίθρονοι·
ἐκεῖ γάρ ἐστι λαμπρὸν αἰθέρος πέδον
ἄκαπνον, ἀψόφητον· ἀπόκειται δ᾽ ἑκὰς
βώλου κνεφαίας τῆσδ᾽ ὕπερθεν, ἣν βροτοὶ
καλοῦσι Γαῖαν· οἱ κατειργμένοι κακῶς
κακὸν βίον τρίβουσι μοχθοῦντες νόσῳ·
οὐδ᾽ ἐννοοῦσιν οἷον, εὖτέ τις θάνῃ,
Ἀρετὴ δίδωσι τοῖς νιν ἀσκοῦσιν στέφος,
ἐπεὶ τόδ᾽ ἀλλάξαντες ἄθλιον βάρος
σὺν τοῖς θεοῖς θακοῦσι, δαίμοσιν πάρα.

Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key
That opes the palace of eternity.
To such my errand is: and but for such,
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.

Milton (Comus).

ἀλλ' εἰσὶν οἳ ζητοῦσιν οὐ καιροῦ πέρα
χερσὶν δικαίοις κλῇδα χρυσωπὸν λαβεῖν,
ἥτις διοίγει δώματ' αἰανῆ Διός·
τούτοις μὲν ἥκω πομπός· οὐδαμῶς δ' ἐγώ,
ἄλλων γ' ἕκατι, τήνδε πάλλευκον στολὴν
ἀτμῷ κακίστης γῆς μολύναιμ' ἂν παρών.

J. C.

XL.

SOCIAL WELL-BEING.

Blest he, though undistinguished from the crowd
By wealth or dignity, who dwells secure,
Where man, by nature fierce, has laid aside
His fierceness, having learnt, though slow to
learn,
The manners and the arts of civil life.
His wants indeed are many; but supply
Is obvious, placed within the easy reach
Of temperate wishes and industrious hands.
Here virtue thrives as in her proper soil;
Not rude and surly and beset with thorns,
And terrible to sight, as when she springs
(If e'er she springs spontaneous) in remote

XL.

ΠΟΛΙΣ ΕΥΔΑΙΜΩΝ.

Ζηλωτός ἐστι, καίπερ οὐδὲν ἐκπρέπων
πλούτου χλιδαῖσι, κεῖνος, ὃς ναίει χθόνα,
ἔνθ' ἡμέρωται σκληρὸν ἀνθρώπων γένος
δίκης λεπάδνῳ, καὶ μόλις πολλῷ χρόνῳ
βίου τέχναισι καὶ τρόποις πειθηνίοις
μεμάθηκε χρῆσθαι· πολλὰ γοῦν σπανίζεται,
ἀλλ' ἀντὶ χρειῶν χρήσιμ' ἀφθόνως πάρα,
ὅτῳ φρένες πάρεισιν οὐδ' ἀργαὶ χέρες.
Ἀρετὴ δὲ θάλλει βλαστάνουσ' εὐδαιμόνως,
πτόρθος τις ὡς τέθηλε γῇ φυταλμίᾳ,
οὐ στεῤῥός, οὐ σκυθρωπός, οὐδὲ δυσμενῶς
φρίσσουσ' ἀκάνθαις, ὥσπερ ἐν γῇ βαρβάρῳ

And barbarous climes where violence prevails,
And strength is lord of all; but gentle, kind,
By culture tamed, by liberty refreshed,
And all her fruits by radiant truth matured.

Cowper (The Task, Book I.).

πέφηνεν, εἰ πέφην' ἑκοῦσ', ὅπου βία
τὰ πάντα νωμᾷ· τῇδε δ' εὐμενὴς γελᾷ
γλυκεῖ' ἄνασσα, ξὺν φιλανθρώπῳ τρόπῳ,
Μούσαις συνήθης ἠδ' ἐλευθέρα φύσιν,
γάνυται δὲ καρπὸς πᾶς ἀληθείας φάει.

G.

XLI.

REMORSE.

Of all the numerous ills that hurt our peace,
That press the soul or wring the mind with
anguish,
Beyond comparison, the worst are those
That to our folly or our guilt we owe.
In every other circumstance the mind
Has this to say, "It was no deed of mine;"
But when, to all the evil of misfortune,
This sting is added, "Blame thy foolish self;"
Or, worser far, the pangs of keen remorse—
The torturing, gnawing consciousness of guilt—

XLI.

ΦΡΕΝΩΝ ΕΡΙΝΥΣ.[27]

Πολλαί γε πολλοῖς εἰσὶ πημοναὶ βροτῶν,
πασῶν δ' ὅσαισι τοῦδ' ἐφήμεροι βίου
κλύδωνι χειμασθέντες ὧδε τλημόνως
πιεζόμεσθα καὶ κέαρ στρεβλούμεθα,
μάλιστα λυποῦσ' ἃς δι' ἀμπλακήματα
ἢ μωρίαν τις αὐτὸς ὤφληκέν ποτε.
πάντη γὰρ ἄλλως φάρμακον θέλγει τόδε,
ὡς οὐ δι' ἡμᾶς τοῦτ' ἐπέσκηψεν κακόν·
ὅταν δὲ πρὸς κακοῖσι δυσπότμου τύχης
προσῇ τὸ κέντρον, 'Μῶρε, σαυτὸν αἰτιῶ,'
μᾶλλον δ' ὅτανπερ μεταμέλει' οἰστρήμασιν
θηκτοῖσι κεντῇ, σχέτλιός τε καρδίαν
σύννοια δάπτῃ τῆς ἄγαν πανουργίας,

Of guilt, perhaps, where we've involved others,
The young, the innocent, who fondly loved us;
Nay, more—that very love their cause of ruin!
Oh, burning hell! in all thy store of torments
There's not a keener lash!
Lives there a man so firm, who, while his heart
Feels all the bitter horrors of his crime,
Can reason down its agonising throbs;
And, after proper purpose of amendment,
Can firmly force his jarring thoughts to peace?
Oh, happy, happy, enviable man!
Oh, glorious magnanimity of soul!

Burns.

ἐν ᾗ τάχ᾽ ἄλλος ἐστὶν ἐμπεπλεγμένος,
νέος τις ἢ παῖς ἁγνός, εὐμενής, φιλῶν,
καὶ πρὸς δι᾽ αὐτὸν τόνδ᾽ ἔρωτ᾽ ἐφθαρμένος,
οὐκ ἔσθ᾽ ἁπάντων, δαίμονες δικηφόροι,
κέντρων, ὅσοις τίνεσθ᾽ ἁμαρτίας βροτῶν,
οὐδέν τι τούτου μᾶλλον ἐκπαγλώτερον.
ᾗ ζῇ βροτῶν τις ὧδε καρτερὸς φρένα,
ὅτῳ πεφρικὸς πολλὰ ταῖς κακουργίαις
πικραῖς τε λύπαις ἐπτοημένον κέαρ
λόγοις πάρεστιν ἠπίοισι κοιμίσαι;
κἀπεὶ δέδοκται δὴ μεθαρμόσαι τρόπους,
τίς κύριός ποτ᾽ ἐστὶ καλχαῖνον κέαρ
παῦσαι σαλεῦον καὶ καλῶς γαληνίσαι;
τρισόλβιόν τοί φημ᾽ ἐπίζηλόν τε δὴ
κεῖνον, κράτους θ᾽ ἕκατι καὶ τόλμης φρενῶν.

J. S.

XLII.

GREECE.

When riseth Lacedæmon's hardihood,
When Thebes Epaminondas rears again,
When Athens' children are with hearts endued,
When Grecian mothers shall give birth to men,
Then mayst thou be restored; but not till then.
A thousand years scarce serve to form a state:
An hour may lay it in the dust: and when
Can man its shattered splendour renovate,
Recall its virtues back and vanquish Time and
Fate?

Byron.

XLII.

ΕΛΛΑΣ.

Σπάρτης ὅτ' αὖθις θάρσος ἐξαναζέσει,
Θῆβαί τε φύσουσ' ἄνδρ' Ἐπαμεινώνδαν πάλιν,
τέκνοις τ' Ἀθηνῶν ἄλκιμον κύρσει κέαρ,
ἄνδρες τ' ἔβλαστον μητέρων Ἑλληνίδων,
τότ' αὖθις ἐξαρθεῖσα—τῶνδε δ' οὐ πάρος—
λάμψεις ἔθ' Ἑλλάς, ὡς τὰ πρὶν πελώρια.
πόλιν κτίσαι γὰρ χίλι' οὐκ ἂν ἀρκέσαι
ἔτη, σποδεῖν δ' ἐλαφρὸν ἡμέρᾳ μιᾷ.[28]
πῶς δὴ βροτὸς τῆσδ' ἐλπίσαι ποτ' ἂν κλέος
ἀλκήν τ' ἐγεῖραι, Χρόνον ὁμοῦ Μοῖράν θ' ἑλών;

G.

XLIII.

LAODAMIA.

"With sacrifice before the rising morn
Vows have I made, by fruitless hope inspired;
And from the infernal Gods, mid shades forlorn
Of night, my slaughtered Lord have I required:
Celestial pity I again implore;—
Restore him to my sight—great Jove, restore!"

So speaking, and by fervent love endowed
With faith, the suppliant heavenward lifts her
hands;
While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,
Her countenance brightens and her eye expands;
Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows;
And she expects the issue in repose.

XLIII.

ΛΑΟΔΑΜΕΙΑ.

'Θύουσα μὲν πρὶν ὄρθρον ἐκπέμπειν φάος,
μάτην προσηῦγμαι βουκολουμένη φρένας,
τοὺς νερτέρους δ', οἳ νυκτὸς ἐν μελαμβαθεῖ
κευθμῶνι ναίουσ', ἄνδρ' ἀποσφαγέντ' ἐμὸν
ᾔτηκ', Ὀλυμπίους δὲ προστρέπω πάλιν·
δός, ὦ μέγιστε Ζεῦ, δὸς αὖ νιν εἰσορᾶν.'

Τοιαῦτα λέξασ' ἐκ πόθου πίστιν φέρει
τάλαινα, κἀνέχει πρὸς οὐρανὸν χέρας,
ὡς δ' ἥλιος πρόσεισιν ἐκ νέφους πτυχῶν,
οὕτω φάος λέλαμπε τῆσδ' ἐν ὄμμασιν,
κόλπος τ' ἀνοιδεῖ καὶ δέμας μηκύνεται,
κἀν ἡσύχῳ τὸ μέλλον ἧδε προσμένει.

Oh terror! what hath she perceived? oh joy!
What doth she look on? whom doth she behold?
Her Hero slain upon the beach of Troy,
His vital presence? his corporeal mould?
It is—if sense deceive her not, 'tis He!
And a God leads him, winged Mercury!

Mild Hermes spake—and touched her with his wand
That calms all fear; "such grace hath crowned thy prayer
Laodamia! that at Jove's command
Thy husband walks the paths of upper air;
He comes to tarry with thee, three hours space;
Accept the gift, behold him face to face."

Wordsworth.

Φεῦ φεῦ· τί δεινὸν εἶδεν; ἢ τί χαρμονῆς
παθοῦσα θαμβεῖ; φεῦ, τί δή ποτ' εἰσορᾷ;
ἆρ' οὖν ἑαυτῆς ἄνδρ', ὃς ἐσφάγη πάρος
ῥηγμῖνι Τροίας, εἰσβλέπει νῦν ἐμφανῆ;
αὐτὸς γὰρ αὐτός ἐστιν, εἰ μή τις πλάνη·
ἔχει δὲ πομπὸν τὸν κατάπτερον θεόν.

Εἶτ' εἶπε φωνῶν ἠπίως Ἑρμῆς θιγὼν
νάρθηκι, πᾶσαν ὃς πεδᾷ φρίκην φρενῶν·
'τοσόνδ' ἀρέσκει τοῖς θεοῖς ἡ σὴ λιτή,
ὥστ', ὦ Λεωδάμει', ἐπιστολαῖς Διὸς
πλάκας πόσις σὸς αἰθέρος πάλιν πατεῖ·
ἐλθὼν δὲ βαιὸν νῦν πάρεστί σοι χρόνον·
δέξαι τὸ δῶρον καί σφ' ἰδοῦ καταντίον.'

G.

XLIV.

THE PRIMEVAL WORLD.

There was the Heaven and Earth at first
And Light and Love; then Saturn from whose
throne
Time fell, an envious shadow: such the state
Of the earth's primal spirits beneath his sway,
As the calm joy of flowers and living leaves
Before the wind or sun has withered them
And semi-vital worms: but he refused
The birthright of their being, knowledge, power,
The skill which wields the elements, the thought
Which pierces this dim universe like light,
Self empire and the majesty of love;
For thirst of which they fainted. Then Pro-
metheus

XLIV.

ΑΡΧΑΙΟΣ ΑΙΩΝ.

Πρῶτον μὲν Οὐρανός τε παμμήτωρ τε Γῆ
ἐγένοντ', Ἔρως τε καὶ τόδ' Ἡμέρας φάος·
Κρόνος δ' ἔπειτα σκῆπτρον ἐξεδέξατο,
σμερδνὴ δ' ἐφέσπετ' αἰόλου Χρόνου σκιά·
οὗ κοιρανοῦντος ἡδοναῖσιν εὔκολοι
οἱ παμπάλαιοι τῆσδε γῆς οἰκήτορες
ἔθαλλον, ὡς ἄνθη τε φύλλα τ' ἀλσέων,[29]
βλάστημον ἀλδαίνοντ' ἐν εὐεστοῖ φίλῃ,
ἃ μὴ πνοαῖσι μηδὲ Φοιβείῳ βέλει
ὄλωλε, μηδ' ὀδοῦσι δυσμόρφων κιῶν.
ὅμως δ' ἐκεῖνος προσνέμειν ἀνήνατο,
ὧν ἦν προσῆκον τοὺς βροτοὺς φύντας λαχεῖν,
κράτος μάθος τε τάς τε παντελεῖς τέχνας,
νοῦν θ' ὃς τὰ πάντα διαπερᾷ φάους δίκην,
τήν τ' ἐγκράτειαν, τὸν γεράσμιόν τ' ἔρον,
ὧν δὴ βροτοὶ 'τείροντο διψῶντες πόθῳ.

Gave wisdom which is strength to Jupiter
And with this law alone "Let Man be free,"
Clothed him with the dominion of wide Heaven.
To know nor faith, nor love, nor law; to be
Omnipotent but friendless is to reign;
And Jove now reigned; for on the race of man
First famine, and then toil, and then disease,
Strife, wounds and ghastly death unseen before
Fell; and the unseasonable seasons drove
With alternating shafts of frost and fire
Their shelterless pale tribes to mountain caves:
And in their desert hearts fierce wants he sent,
And mad disquietudes and shadows idle
Of unreal good which levied mutual war,
So ruining the lair wherein they raged.

Shelley, Prom. Unbound, II. 4.

ἔνθ᾽ οὖν Προμηθεὺς Ζηνὶ προσχαρίζεται
μῆτιν, τύραννος ᾗ μόνη πάντων κρατεῖ,
καὶ τὴν ἐφετμὴν τήνδ᾽ ἐπισκήψας μόνον,
'ἔστω γε μὴν βροτοῖσι βίος ἐλεύθερος,'
μακροῦ δίδωσιν οὐρανοῦ τυραννίδα.
καὶ μὴν ἔνεστι τοῦτο τῇ τυραννίδι
νόσημ᾽, ἄπιστον ἄφιλον ἄνομον ἑστάναι,
κρατεῖν θ᾽ ἁπάντων αὐτὸν ἄφρακτον φίλων.
νοσῶν δὲ ταῦτα Ζεὺς ἐκοιράνει τότε.
πρῶτον μὲν οὖν ἐκ τῶνδ᾽ ἐφημέρων γένει
ἔσκηψε λιμὸς νῆστις, ἐκ δὲ τοῦ πόνος,
ἔπειτα λοιμὸς ξὺν στάσει ξυνεμπόρῳ,
ἕλκη τε θάνατός τ᾽ ὠχρός, ἄγνωστος τὸ πρίν·
ὧραι δ᾽ ἄωροι—καὶ γὰρ ἐν μέρει κύκλῳ
πάγοι τ᾽ ἔτειρον καὶ πυρὸς τοξεύματα—
ἄντρων ὀρεινῶν ἐς μυχοὺς ἠνάγκασαν
ὠχρῶν ἄφρακτα φῦλ᾽ ἀποστῆναι βροτῶν.
θνητῶν δ᾽ ἐρήμοις καρδίαις κατῴκισεν
σπάνιν δύσοιστον θεῶν ὁ παγκρατὴς πρόμος,
μάργας τε ταραχὰς κὠφελημάτων σκιὰς
κενὰς ὑπούλων, ἔνθεν ὠροθύνετο
ἄλλαις πρὸς ἄλλας ἐμπεφυρμένη στάσις,
εὐνὴν ἀπολλῦσ᾽ ᾗ πάλαι μεμήνεσαν.

J. S.

XLV.

ARTEVELDE'S FAREWELL.

Then fare ye well, ye citizens of Ghent!
This is the last time ye will see me here,
Unless God prosper me past human hope.
I thank you for the dutiful demeanour
Which never—no not once—no not in any of
you
Have I found wanting though severely tried
When discipline might seem without reward.
Fortune has not been kind to me, good friends,
But let not that deprive me of your loves
Or of your good report. Be this the word—
His rule was brief, calamitous—but just.

Henry Taylor (Philip Van Artevelde).

XLV.

ΠΑΝΥΣΤΑΤΟΝ.

Ὦ χαίρετ' ἀστοὶ τήνδ' ἐνοικοῦντες χθόνα,
ὡς οὐκέτ' εἶμι τούσδε τοὺς δόμους πάλιν,
ἢν μὴ καλὴν Ζεὺς δῷ τύχην δόξαν πάρα.
ὑμᾶς δ' ἐπαινῶ ταῦτα· τοῦδε γὰρ λόγων
ἠκούσατ' ἐσθλοὶ δὴ γεγῶτες· οὐδέ πω
οὐδεὶς ἄπιστος ἐκβέβηχ' ὑμῶν ἐμοί,
καίπερ μεγίστην πεῖραν εἰσελθών ποτε,
ὅτ' ὠφελεῖν ἔδοξε πίστις οὐδένα.
εἰ δ' οὖν τι μέμφομαί γε τῇ Τύχῃ, φίλοι,
μὴ δῆτα τοῦδ' ἕκατι μῖσος ἐμπέσω,
μηδ' οὖν ὄνειδος· ἀλλ' ἔπος τοιόνδ' ἴτω·
'δύσποτμον οὐδὲ δαρὸν ἦρχ', ἀλλ' ἐνδίκως.'

P. G.

XLVI.

THE SISTERS.

We were two daughters of one race :
She was the fairest in the face :
    The wind is blowing in turret and tree.
They were together and she fell ;
Therefore revenge became me well.
    O the Earl was fair to see !

She died ; she went to burning flame ;
She mixed her ancient blood with shame.
    The wind is howling in turret and tree.
Whole weeks and months, early and late,
To win his love I lay in wait :
    O the Earl was fair to see !

XLVI.

ΑΔΕΛΦΑΙ.

Ἦμεν κασιγνήτα δύ᾽ ἐξ ἑνὸς γένους,
κείνη δ᾽ ἔδοξεν εὐπρεπεστέρα ῥέθος.
πνέουσιν αὖραι διὰ δρυῶν καὶ δωμάτων.[31]
τῆς δ᾽ ἦν ἐρῶν τις, ἔμολε δ᾽ αἰακτὸν μύσος.
ἐκ τῶνδε ποινὰς ἀντιτίσασθαί μ᾽ ἐχρῆν.
ἦ κάρθ᾽ ὁ ταγὸς ἦν μάλ᾽ εὐειδὴς ὁρᾶν.

Θανοῦσα κείνη Ταρτάρων ἔδυ σκότον,
προσῆψε δ᾽ οὖσ᾽ ἄναγνος αἰσχύνην γένει.
βοῶσιν αὖραι διὰ δρυῶν καὶ δωμάτων.
μῆνας δ᾽ ὅλους κατ᾽ ἦμαρ εὐφρόνην θ᾽ ἅμα,
καθεῖλκον, εἷλκον αὐτὸν ἄρκυσιν πόθων.[32]
ἦ κάρθ᾽ ὁ ταγὸς ἦν μάλ᾽ εὐειδὴς ὁρᾶν.

I made a feast, I bade him come ;
I won his love, I brought him home.
The wind is roaring in turret and tree.
And after supper on a bed,
Upon my lap he laid his head :
O the Earl was fair to see !

I kissed his eyelids into rest :
His ruddy cheek upon my breast.
The wind is raging in turret and tree.
I hated him with the hate of hell,
But I loved his beauty passing well.
O the Earl was fair to see !

I rose up in the silent night,
I made my dagger sharp and bright ;
The wind is raving in turret and tree.
As half asleep his breath he drew-
Three times I stabbed him thro' and thro'.
O the Earl was fair to see !

I curled and combed his comely head,
He looked so grand when he was dead.
The wind is blowing in turret and tree.

Δαῖτ' οὖν προθεῖσ' ἔγωγε προυκάλουν μολεῖν,
ἔρῳ δὲ κλέψασ' οἴκαδ' αὐτὸν ἤγαγον.
βρέμουσιν αὖραι διὰ δρυῶν καὶ δωμάτων.
ἔπειτα δ' ἐκ τῆς δαιτὸς ἐν λέχει πεσών,
τὸ κρᾶτ' ἔκλιν' ἐν ταῖσδ' ἐμαῖσιν ἀγκάλαις.
ἦ κάρθ' ὁ ταγὸς ἦν μάλ' εὐειδὴς ὁρᾶν.

Ὕπνος δ' ἔθελξε βλέφαρ' ἐμοῖς φιλήμασιν,
κείνου γένυς δ' ἡβῶσά μοι ψαίρει δέρην.
στένουσιν αὖραι διὰ δρυῶν καὶ δωμάτων.
ἦν μὲν τὸ κάλλος ὡς ὑπερφυῶς φίλον,
αὐτὸν δ' ἀπέπτυσ' ὥστε Ταρτάρων πύλας.
ἦ κάρθ' ὁ ταγὸς ἦν μάλ' εὐειδὴς ὁρᾶν.

Ἐνταῦθ' ἀναστᾶσ' εὐφρόνην ἁγνὴν κάτα,
τὸ φάσγανον θήγουσ' ἐφαίδρυνον καλῶς.
λυσσῶσιν αὖραι διὰ δρυῶν καὶ δωμάτων.
ἔνθ' ὡς ἐκεῖνος μαλθακῶς κοιμώμενος
ἔπνει, ξίφος τρὶς ἤλασα στέρνων διά.
ἦ κάρθ' ὁ ταγὸς ἦν μάλ' εὐειδὴς ὁρᾶν.

Εἶτ' ἐκτένιζον ἀνδρὶ βόστρυχον βαθύν,
σεμνὸς δ' ἄγαν μοι κατθανὼν ἐφαίνετο.
πνέουσιν αὖραι διὰ δρυῶν καὶ δωμάτων.

I wrapt his body in the sheet,
And laid him at his mother's feet.
    O the Earl was fair to see!

Tennyson.

νεκρὸν δ' ἐν εὐνῆς χλανιδίοις ἔρραψ' ἐγώ,
αὐτοῦ δὲ μητρὶ πρὸς ποδοῖν ἔρριψ' ἄγος.
ἦ κάρθ' ὁ ταγὸς ἦν μάλ' εὐειδὴς ὁρᾶν.

G.

PARS TERTIA.

VERSU VARIO, IMPRIMIS COMICORUM SENARIO.

I.

A set o' dull conceited hashes
Confuse their brains in College classes :
They gang in stirks an' come out asses,
Plain truth to speak,
An' syne they think to climb Parnassus,
By dint o' Greek !

Burns.

I.

1.

Σκαιὸς μὲν ὄχλος ἐς Στοὰν φοιτῶν κενὰς
φρένας κυκᾷ τὸ φλαττόθρατт κυδοιδοπῶν·
σύες γὰρ ὣς ἐςδύντες ἐκβαίνουσ᾽ ὄνοι·
Ἑλληνίσαντες δ᾽ ὀλίγα κακὰ κακῶς ἔπη
Μουσῶν φίλοι δοκοῦσι· φεῦ τῶν νηπίων.

J. C.

I.

2.

Νήπιοι οἳ κακόβουλοι ἐπὶ σφίσι γαυριόωντες
πολλὰ ματάζουσιν πολλὰ διδασκόμενοι·
Παρνησοῦ κορυφὴν ἀναβήμεναι ἐλπίδ' ἔχουσιν,
γλώσσῃ θαρσαλέως Ἑλλάδι πειθόμενοι·
πολλὰ δὲ δὴ σφάλλονται· ἀγροικότεροι γὰρ ἐόντες
καὶ πρότερον, νῦν αὖτ' ἠλίθιοι μετέφυν.

J. S.

I.

3.

Ἀλαζόνων ὄχλος τε καὶ βερεσχέθων
μάτην βαδίζει πρὸς τὸ φροντιστήριον·
μεριμνοφροντιστῶν δὲ δὴ συνουσίᾳ
γαῦροι, τότ᾽ ἐκβαίνουσ᾽ ὄνοι βρωμώμενοι·
εἶτ᾽ ἀδολέσχαι, δυσμαθεῖς ποιήσεως,
Μουσῶν πτερῶν ἄτερθε προσστείχειν ἄκρα
Παρνάσι᾽ ὑψίκρημνα τολμῶσιν, παπαῖ,
γλωσσαλγίας ἕκατι· φεῦ Μαμμάκυθοι.

P. G.

II.

Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, Man, is not able to invent anything that tends to laughter more than I invent or is invented on me. I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men.

Falstaff.

II.

Γηθεῖ βροτός πως πᾶς ἐρείδων εἰς ἐμέ·
οὐδ' ἂν κάρα τοιοῦδε πηλοῦ πλάσματος,
ἄνθρωπον ὃν καλοῦμεν, ἐντίκτοι ποτέ
γέλωτα πλεῖον' ἢ 'ποίησα κἄπαθον.
κομψὸς μέν εἰμ' ἔγωγε, κομψότης δέ τοι
μαίευμ' ἐν ἄλλοις ἐξ ἐμοῦ Προμηθέως.

G.

III.

Your writing, my dear Friend, is as if a swarm of ants escaping from an inkbottle, had walked over a sheet of paper without wiping their legs.

Sydney Smith.

III.

1.

Ἡ σὴ γραφὴ μὲν ἐστὶ δὴ τοιόνδε τι·
ὁποῖον, ὦ τᾶν, εἰ μελανδόκῳ συχνοὶ
μύρμηκες ἰμβαφθέντες, εἶθ' ὁρμώμενοι
χάρτας πατοῖεν μηδ' ἀποψῷεν σκέλη.

G.

2.

Ὦ τᾶν, σὰ γράμματ' εἰσβλέπων, ἦ μὴν δοκῶ
μύρμηκας ἐκφυγόντας ἐξ ἄγγους ὁρᾶν
μελανδόκου, βίβλῳ τ' ἔπειτ' ἄνω κάτω
σποράδην ὁδοιπλανοῦντας ἀσμήκτοις ποσίν.

G.

IV.

I agree in the common praise of the French living: light wines and meat thoroughly digested by human skill are more agreeable than the barbarian Stonehenge masses of meat with which we feed ourselves.

Sydney Smith.

IV.

1.

Αἰνῶ μέν, ὡς οἱ πάντες, Ἀττικὸν βίον.
τί γάρ; γλυκὺς μὲν οἶνος εἶδάρ τ᾽ ἐκτελὲς
τέχνῃ δαμασθὲν παντελῶς μαγειρικῇ
τέρπουσι μᾶλλον βαρβάρων Κυκλωπίων τ᾽
ὄγκων βορᾶς, οἷς βοσκόμεσθ᾽ ἡμεῖς φαγαῖ.

G. B.

2.

Ἐγὼ μὲν ὥσπερ πάντες οἱ σοφοὶ τροφὴν
τὴν Ἀτθίδ᾽ αἰνῶ· μαλθακῷ γὰρ ἥδομαι
οἴνῳ πεπεμμένοις τε παντελῶς τέχνῃ
ἐδωδίμοις πολὺ μᾶλλον ἢ τοῖς βαρβάροις
Κυκλωπίοις τ᾽ ὄγκοισι δυσπέπτοις ἄγαν,
οὓς κατὰ φαρύγγων καταβαλεῖν ἡμῖν ἔθος.

B. R.

V.

I hope Lord G. continues quite well; but quite well, I find at 67, means about twelve or fourteen distinct ailments; weak eyes, a violent pain in the ankle, stomach slightly disordered, and a few other of the ills that flesh is heir to.

Sydney Smith.

V.

Ὡς εὔχομαι Ξάνθιππον εὖ πράττειν πάνυ!
καίτοι σύνοιδα, πεῖραν ἐξ ἐμοῦ λαβών,
ὡς κεῖνος, ὅστις ἑπτ᾽ ἐφ᾽ ἐξήκοντ᾽ ἔτη
κροταφοῖς φορεῖ, φορεῖ τάδ᾽ ἄλλα μυρία,
λήμας, ποδάγρας, γαστέρος δυσπεψίας,
χωρίς τε τῶνδε, σμῆνος ἀρρωστημάτων
πάντων ὅσ᾽ ἀντίπηγι Πανδώρας βρύει.

G.

VI.

HADRIANUS MORIENS.

Animula vagula, blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula;
Nec ut soles dabis jocos.

VI.

1.

Ψυχίδιον αἰόλον, αἱμύλον,
ξείνη τ' ὄαρ τε σώματος,
ποῖ νῦν ποτ' οἰχήσει φυγόν,
γυμνόν, ἀμενηνόν, ἀναίματον;
φροῦδος δὲ πᾶς ὁ πρὶν γέλως.

G.

2.

Wee wan'erin' winsome elf, my saul,
Thou's made this clay lang hoose an' hall,
But whar, oh whar art now to dwall,
Thy bield now bare ?
Gaun' flichterin', feckless, shiverin', caul',
Nae cantrips mair.[33]

G.

VII.

ΣΚΟΛΙΟΝ.

(Adversus nimium librorum Studium.)

Ὦ γλύκιστε, τί δὴ βίβλους βιβρώσκων
παντυίους, ἔαρ ἄνθος ἡδὺ πνεῖον
ὀλέσεις βίου; λῆγε νόον
μισόγελων τρέφων, ἄρχεο παιγνίας.

G.

VIII.

Ο ΤΥΦΩΣ ΤΟΝ ΒΑΚΧΟΝ.

Πάλαι ποτ' ἦν ἔθος τι τῶν νέων λέγειν
φιλίας ἕκατι τοῦ Κιθαιρῶνος σκιᾷ,
'τὸ βακχικὸν δώρημα δός· σὲ γὰρ φιλῶ·'
ἄφαρ δ' ἑταῖρος ἐκ φρενῶν συναινέσας
γάνος παρεῖχεν ἄφθονον πολλῇ χαρᾷ,
ἤχει βοὴ δὲ κἀλαλὰ δρυμῶν διά.
νῦν δ' ἐν βορείοις ἀπὸ Κιθαιρῶνος πρόσω
ἄλλη λατρεία κἄλλος αὔξεται θεός.
ἢν γὰρ νέος τις παρὰ ῥοαῖς Κάμου κλύῃ,
'τὸ βακχικὸν δώρημα δός· σὲ γὰρ φιλῶ,'
αὐλὸν παρέξει μέλανα, φυσήσει πνέων δ'
ἀτμοῦ μέγαν πώγωνα καὶ κακοσμίαν,
ὥστ' Εὔιον φυγεῖν ἂν ἔκτοθεν φόβῳ,
μὴ καρτεροῦντα τόδε μύσος Τυφώνιον.
οὕτω γὰρ οὖν καθεῖλε Τυφὼς Βάκχιον.

G.

IX.

ΣΟΦΙΣΤΩΝ ΟΡΥΜΑΓΔΟΣ.

(Ingruente in Academias ingenti procella Barbarica, Græcas Litteras e Scotia quasi expulsura.)

Κονιορτὸς μέγας ἐστίν, καθορᾶν δ᾽ οὐκ ἔνι πάμπαν
σέλας ἄστρων· ἐν ὄρεσσιν δ᾽ ὀμίχλη θούριος ἄτης,
πτερύγεσσιν πυκιναῖσιν σκιόεσσ᾽ ὀμβροφόροισιν,
καταΐξουσ᾽ ἐπ᾽ ἐμοῦ δὴ πανάωρον, παρὰ πάτρας τ᾽
ἀπολεῖται γάνος ἀνθέων· ἑκὰς ἀλκὰ πάρα δ᾽ ἄτα.
ὃ δὲ δάκνει με μάλιστα, σκίδασις ῥίμφα τέτυκται
συνεταίρων, ὅσοι ἄλλως μ᾽ ἐφίλουν περ κατὰ χεῖλος·
κατὰ δ᾽ ἦλθεν κρύος ἄλγιστον ὃ κρύψει γάνος ἦρος,
σὺ δὲ θάῤῥει ποτὲ θυμέ· σκότος ἀΐξ᾽ ἀπ᾽ ὄρεσφιν,
νεφέλας δ᾽ οὖν σκεδάσει Ζεύς· ὀρυμαγδὸς δ᾽ ἀπολεῖται.

G.

NOTULÆ.

NOTULÆ.

Not. 1, Pag. 3.

Metrum Trochaicum, Dialectum Doricam potissimum adhibui, ut huic carmini insigni maxime consentanea. Scio equidem exemplar hujusce metri primarium, scil. *Πῶλε Θρηϊκίη, κ. τ. λ.*, Venerem spirare magis quam Bellonam, sed hoc debetur Ionicæ dialecto, non metro, quod sane vim velocitatemque effert. Id quoque maxime me movit ad Trochaicum metrum utendum, quod gemellum illud carmen Rhigæ revera rhythmo, si non metro, incedit haud absimili, scil. *Δεῦτε, παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων.*

Not. 2, Pag. 7.

Πενία δικαία dicitur, ut apud Isocratem, *ad Demonicum*, § 38, *μᾶλλον ἀποδέχου δικαίαν πενίαν ἢ πλοῦτον ἄδικον*, ubi *δικαίαν* interpretes ponunt pro *μετὰ δικαιοσύνης*.

Tragicorum pauca quædam fragmenta nonnihil ejusdem saporis edere videntur, quo imbutum est hoc poema Scoticum. Cf. illud Sophocleum: *οὐδὲν κακίων πτωχός, εἰ καλῶς φρονοῖ* (frag. 752), et passim apud Euripidem, ut *Elect.* 550, et in *Scyriis*, frag.:

τὸν πάντ' ἀκριβῶς κἀπὶ φροντίδων βίον
ξὺν τῷ δικαίῳ ζῶμεν αἰσχύνης ἄτερ.

Quod ad metrum attinet, eandem licentiam in primo pede Anacreontici adhibui, qua Baro Lyttleton, V.C., in 'Comi' versione sua elegantissima, prope ad finem, libere usus est. Ignoverit eo fortasse libentius, quisquis perspexerit licentia spondæi in tertio pede, quamvis a Porsono ipso usurpata, me abstinuisse, quæ licentia aut admodum rara aut parum legitima esse videtur, si ex Anacreonteis normam sumere licet.

Not. 3, Pag. 9.

νομίσματος χάραγμα. Proxime iisdem vestigiis, quibus incessit nostras poeta, versabatur Aristophanes,

in *Ranis* 720 seq., ubi *homines* sub specie *nummorum* adumbrantur. Tale quoddam apud Philippum Massinger (II. p. 434, Ed. Gifford) pulchre quoque effictum.

NOT. 4, PAG. 25.

Confer versum Sophocleum in *Aiace* 830.

NOT. 5, PAG. 31.

Confer Æsch. *Prom. Vinct.*, 197.

NOT. 6, PAG. 35.

φίλε τέκνον et similia satis defendunt licentiam ποῖος, etc. κρίνω usurpatum, ut in *Ranis* Aristophanis, 1407, κἀγὼ μὲν αὐτοὺς οὐ κρινῶ.

NOT. 7, PAG. 37.

ἐγκαρτέρει κ. τ. λ. Cf. Eur. *Androm.*, 262.

NOT. 8, PAG. 39.

Hujusce poematis titulus foret haud ineptus; ὅς

μὴ πέπονθε τἀμά, μὴ βουλευέτω, Soph. frag., 814. Cf. ejusdem frag., 662, et Æsch. *Prom. V.* 263:

ἐλαφρὸν ὅστις πημάτων ἔξω πόδα, κ. τ. λ.

Not. 9, Pag. 41.

σώσειε. Optativus sine *ἄν*, post *ἔστιν ὅστις*, ut in Æsch. *Prom. V.* 292, *Choeph.* 172.

Not. 10, Pag. 47.

Ἔλεος. Rarius in sententiam pæne Christianam incideris apud Tragicos. At hic illic scintilla latet illius flammæ divinæ, ut *τἀπιεικῆ πρόσθεν ἡγεῖσθαι δίκης*, Eur. fr. inc. 838, et illud Sophocleum *Ζηνὶ σύνθακος θρόνων Αἰδώς* (*Œd. Col.* 1267).

Portiæ argumentum de 'summo jure' haud multum distat ab eo quod Electræ adversus Clytemnestram tribuitur:

πρώτη θάνοις ἄν, εἰ δίκης γε τυγχάνοις, Soph. *El.* 583.

Not. 11, Pag. 55.

πάτρως. Hanc vocem asciscere non dubitavi, quanquam, quod mireris, haud exstat exemplum apud

Tragicos. Equidem potui in voce, etsi ambigua, *θεῖε* acquiescere, ut in libro illo felicissimo 'Shrewsbury Verses' adhibetur, ex exemplo Euripidis *Iph. Taur.* 930, sed quum *μήτρως* apud Tragicos exstet, vocabulum gemellum, non ambiguum, scil. *πάτρως*, haud respuendum esse videtur.

NOT. 12, PAG. 61.

τὸ τῆς Ἀνάγκης, scil. ex Æsch. *Prom. V.* 105. Haud absimile in Eur. *Beller.*, *πρὸς τὴν Ἀνάγκην πάντα τἄλλ' ἔστ' ἀσθενῆ*, item *Helen.* 514, et Soph. *Thyest.*, *πρὸς τὴν Ἀνάγκην οὐδ' Ἄρης ἀνθίσταται.*

NOT. 13, PAG. 81.

μασχάλισμα. Hoc vocabulum, quod tragicorum fuit, testibus Glossographis, quodque latet in Æschyleo verbo *ἐμασχαλίσθη*, haud alienum videtur ab hoc loco Shaksperiano.

NOT. 14, PAG. 95.

Confer Æsch. *Prom. V.* 921, *πεσεῖν ἀτίμως πτώματ' οὐκ ἀνασχετά.*

Not. 15, Pag. 105.

In hoc commate, *νᾶνοι* atque alia hujusmodi habent excusationem, ex eo quod sermo Cassii acridum quoddam sapit seu satiricum et contumeliosum atque comico generi propius accedit.

Not. 16, Pag. 109.

Pulchre, ut solet, Ricardus C. Jebb, V. C., Ricardi Porsoni in versibus pangendis æmulus, *φονᾷ τὸ πρᾶγμα*. Haud facile quis æquiparaverit, nisi fortasse Sophoclis auxilio, ex quo in pari argumento bene quadrat, *τομᾷ τὸ πῆμα*, vel, fortasse, leni deflexu, Æschyli *ἄκος τομαῖον*.

Not. 17, Pag. 115.

Confer Eur. *Androm.* 851 :

συμφοραὶ θεήλατοι
πᾶσιν βροτοῖσιν ἢ τότ' ἦλθον ἢ τότε.

In re tali quoque *ἥκω* usurpatur; cf. Soph. *Œd. R.* 342, ubi *οὐκοῦν ἅ γ' ἥξει καὶ σὲ χρὴ λέγειν ἐμοί*, atque illud Æschyleum *τὸ μέλλον ἥξει*.

NOT. 18, PAG. 127.

φονεῖς. Hanc formam accusativi, quanquam apud Tragicos rarior est, adscivi, exemplo fretus Euripidis in frag. 38, *Antiopæ*, ubi *τούς τε φύσαντας γονεῖς* terminat versum sine dubio bonæ monetæ. Si formam *φονέας* prætuleris, eodem sane redit per synizesin, et in primo pede Iambici talia offendimus crebro.

NOT. 19, PAG. 131.

οὔτι βλάψω. Corripi posse vocalem ante *βλ*, neque semper pro longa haberi, patet ex illo Sophocleo *πασῶν ἔβλαστε* (*Elect.* 432), ubi haud arridet *ἔβλαστε πασῶν.*

NOT. 20, PAG. 139.

ἐξεκόκκισα. Aristophanicum magis quam tragicorum verbum, sed in tali loco haud ineptum et loquenti consentaneum.

NOT. 21, PAG. 147.

φρενῶν ὄσσοις. Cf. *ὀ σ σ ό μ ε ν ο ς πατέρ' ἐσθλὸν ἐ ν ὶ φ ρ ε σ ί*, de Telemacho, qui in pari desiderio pat-

ris versatur. Apud Platonem (*Rep.* 533 D.) ψυχῆς ὄμμα, apud Æschylum φρένα . . . ὠμματωμένην, *Choeph.* 854.

NOT. 22, PAG. 149.

Plura hujusce venæ apud Platonem invenias quam apud Tragicos, ut in Phædone 107 C., εἰ μὲν γὰρ ἦν ὁ θάνατος τοῦ παντὸς ἀπαλλαγή, κ. τ. λ. Cf. quoque *Axiochum* qui fertur, dialogum, § 7–9, ubi vita adumbratur quasi ex Hamleti cujusdam prisci oculis. Inter tragicas personas, Io apud Æschylum (*Prom. V.* 747), in sententiæ tenorem, quo orditur Hamletus, proxime incidisse paullisper saltem videtur.

NOT. 23, PAG. 149.

Duplicem versum pro unico poetæ Angli haud amovendum duxi, at siquis unicum desiderat, legere potest

εἴτ' οὖν με δεῖ ζῆν, εἴτε μή, σκοπεῖν χρεών.

(cf. Eur. *Hec.* 349), sive

χρὴ ζῆν ἔτ' ἢ μή ; τοῦτ' ἐκεῖν' ὃ σκεπτέον.

NOT. 24, PAG. 165.

In proprio nomine etymi scil. obscuri, licentiam

duxi adulescenti condonandam corripiendi *ι* in *Ἰθοκλῆς*, idque in gemello quoque poemate p. 166.

NOT. 25, PAG. 175.

Iisdem vestigiis antecessit in hoc loco Ed. Greswell, qui haud infeliciter hoc poema Miltoni cultu donavit Græco.

NOT. 26, PAG. 179.

Artifex adulescens hujus 'flosculi' decem vocabula compressit paullo felicius unius versus orbe, quod rarius etiam in Tragicis ipsis invenias. Undecim vocabula rarissime, ut in Eur. *Androm.* 902; Soph. *Œd. R.* 371. Duodecim voces præbet versus Aristophanicus, *Ran.* 28.

NOT. 27, PAG. 193.

πολλαί γε πολλοῖς κ. τ. λ., secundum Eur. *Ion.* 381. Titulum poematis haud male aptum inveneris in versu Sophocleo—

τῶν δὲ πημονῶν
μάλιστα λυποῦσ', αἳ φανῶσ' αὐθαίρετοι, *Œd. R.* 1230.

Idem quoque in fragmento,

ταῦτ' ἐστὶν ἄλγιστ', ἣν παρὸν θέσθαι καλῶς
αὐτός τις αὑτῷ τὴν βλάβην προσθῇ φέρων.

NOT. 28, PAG. 197.

Confer eandem sententiam Pindari, *Pyth.* IV. 274, ῥᾴδιον μὲν γὰρ πόλιν σεῖσαι κ. τ. λ.

NOT. 29, PAG. 203.

Proxime accedit sententia Sophoclis (*Trach.* 146); ubi τὸ νεάζον describitur,

καί νιν οὐ θάλπος θεοῦ
οὐδ' ὄμβρος οὐδὲ πνευμάτων οὐδὲν κλονεῖ,
ἀλλ' ἡδοναῖς ἄμοχθον ἐξαίρει βίον.

NOT. 30, PAG. 207.

Præstat fortasse, ex vestigiis Eurip. *Alc.* 1070, Soph. *Phil.* 1309,

Τύχην μὲν οὐκ ἔχοιμ' ἂν εὖ λέγειν, φίλοι,
εἰ δ' οὖν πέφυκ' ἄνολβος, ὧδ' οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅτου
ὀργὴν ἔχοιτ' ἂν οὐδὲ μέμψιν εἰς ἐμέ.

Not. 31, Pag. 209.

Cf. Æsch. *Prom. V.* 431. *βοᾷ δὲ πόντιος κλύδων, στένει βύθος*, et plura ibidem, quasi voces quas emittit Natura planctu condolescens. Si cui asyndeton displicet, legere potest *βοῶσι δ' αὖραι.* At in versu hujusmodi haud necessarium videtur, si norma sumenda est ex Æschylo auctore in re tali locupletissimo, qui geminatione persimili versus Iambici utitur, scil. *μέλαιν' Ἐρινύς, ἦ μεγασθενής τις εἶ*, *Sept. c. Theb.* 977, repetita 989. Alia exempla, non Iambica, aliqua ex parte similia præbet Æschylus, sicut *αἴλινον* etc. *Agam.* 139. Cf. quoque *Choeph.* 961, 972, *πάρα τὸ φῶς ἰδεῖν.* In *Eumen.* 328, *δὲ* in tali formula inseritur. Omitto Bucolicos, quorum est sæpe ingeminare, idque maxime non sine asyndeto.

Not. 32, Pag. 209.

Cf. *κατῆγεν, ἦγεν, ἦγεν ἐς μέλαν πέδον* Eur. *Bacch.* 1065. Si cui autem *καθεῖλκον* in re non nautica parum arridet, quanquam *εἷλκον* sane satis defendit, eligere licet versum Sophocleum haud male consentaneum, *ὤτρυνον, εἰσέβαλλον εἰς ἕρκη πόθων*, secundum *Ajacem.* 60.

Not. 33, Pag. 229.

Hae translationes Hadriani versiculorum prius in lucem editæ sunt, in volumine cui titulus 'Adrianus Moriens,' (Editore D. Johnson, Bath, 1876).

INDEX EXORDIORUM.

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